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THE COSTLIEST GIFT.

BY L. C. M.

I give you a day of my life—
Treasure no gold could buy—
For peasant and peer are as one
When the time comes to die;
And all that the monarch has,
His koh-i-noor or his crown,
He would give for one more day
Ere he lay his sweet life down.

They are winged, like the viewless wind—
These days that come and go—
And we count them, and think of the end,
But the end we cannot know;
The whole world darkens with pain
When a sunset fades in the west—
• • • I give you a day of my life,
My uttermost gift and my best.

BEHIND A MASK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

CARLYON, in a towering passion, rushed from the room, pursued by old Mr. Helsford's grating laugh. He did not stop to be lighted out by the nurse, who emerged from the adjoining room with a lamp in her hand as he passed, but blundered, along the dark passage and the staircase, overwhelmed with rage and indignation.

A brisk walk through the narrow streets of Pont des Puits, and far into the open country beyond, helped to restore Carlyon's equanimity; but what chiefly consoled him was the reflection that he need now feel no scruple about marrying Ethel without her uncle's consent. He considered that old Mr. Helsford had evinced such unreasonable prejudice, and was evidently so indifferent to the sentiments of the young lady herself, that his conduct amounted to despotic tyranny, which might fairly be resented.

He bitterly reproached himself for not having taken Mrs. Manning's advice, and proposed to Ethel in anticipation of her being suddenly summoned away; for he was seized with an uncomfortable foreboding that old Mr. Helsford, in consequence of his unworthy suspicions, would send for his niece immediately, and this man Carlyon was feverishly anxious to get back to England. He had already determined not to return by the circuitous route by which he had come, and he was both gratified and amazed to learn, upon inquiry at his hotel, that by taking a local train he could reach Amiens in time to catch the Paris express to Calais.

This discovery revived his doubts of Stephen Helsford's good faith, and his suspicion became stronger when he learned that there was another available route, which was also considerably shorter than the Cherbourg route, namely via Havre. He could not blame himself, because Pont des Puits was such an insignificant place that it was not named in ordinary railway-guides; and for the same reason he thought it possible that Helsford had made a mistake in planning his journey when he came over; but he having once been at Pont des Puits, it was inconceivable that Helsford should still be under the singular misapprehension that the shortest route was via Cherbourg, and Carlyon could not help believing that Helsford had misdirected him from sheer vindictiveness and petty animosity.

Carlyon determined to sacrifice his return ticket, and to travel back by the direct route which he had discovered. By this arrangement he would have time, before starting, to make another attempt to come to an amicable understanding with old Mr. Helsford. In the first glow of his furious indignation he had written him a letter informing him of his intention of proposing to his niece in spite of his disapproval.

He was by no means sanguine of the result of a further interview, but he decided to keep back the letter in the hope of finding old Mr. Helsford in a more amiable and conciliatory mood. He therefore presented himself early the next morning at Mr. Helsford's dingy apartments in the Rue de la Monarchie, having taken with him his precious letter in case the invalid should refuse to see him.

"Mr. Helsford cannot see you," said the nurse, who opened the door; "he has had a bad night, and I ought not to have allowed you to see him yesterday. He is asleep, and I cannot disturb him," she added, in answer to his inquiry.

"I am leaving by an early train," pleaded Carlyon, "and I wish particularly to speak to him. I could call again in half an hour, and I will not detain him many minutes."

"It would be useless," said the nurse, in her imperturbable manner. "Mr. Helsford gave strict orders that if you called you were on no account to be admitted."

"Very well," said Carlyon, reddening at this rebuff; "then I must ask you to hand him this letter."

"He shall have it when he awakes," answered the nurse.

Carlyon felt a strong desire to ask this woman whether Mr. Helsford was likely to send for his niece; but her stern and unsympathetic demeanor deterred him, and he was turning away in silence, when the nurse remarked abruptly—

"Mr. Stephen Helsford has been courting this young lady, I hear."

"What young lady?" Carlyon inquired, surprised and displeased at the remark.

The nurse gave a significant glance at the letter that she held in her hand, showing that she guessed the subject of it.

"Miss Vivian," she replied.

"I believe he admires his cousin," said Carlyon shortly.

"He will never marry her," exclaimed the nurse, with a faint tinge of color in her sallow cheeks—"never!"

"I understand that his uncle would object," said Carlyon, surprised at her vehemence.

"Yes; his uncle will not allow him," returned the nurse, with a mirthless laugh. "I will give Mr. Helsford your letter," she added, relapsing into her cold formal tone.

"Can you tell me if the young lady is coming over here?" inquired Carlyon eagerly.

But the nurse stared stolidly at him, as though she had not heard his question, and, retiring into the passage, closed the door between them.

Carlyon was surprised at this display of animation on the part of the nurse, and the idea occurred to him that Stephen Helsford must have been carrying on a flirtation with her during his recent visit. She evidently had personal reasons for resenting the suggestion of Helsford's marrying his cousin, and she seemed the sort of person who would not permit her affections to be trifled with; but Carlyon was too preoccupied with his own affairs to waste time in speculating upon this subject, and he dismissed the matter from his mind with the passing reflection that, if the suspicions were correct, Stephen Helsford was playing rather a dangerous game.

When Carlyon arrived in London, he drove straight from the railway-station to his club, and almost the first person he met, on entering the dining room, was Stephen Helsford.

Helsford had just risen from a table at which he had been dining with a party of friends, and Carlyon did not notice him until he heard himself addressed.

"Back again, eh?" remarked Helsford, as Carlyon turned.

"Yes," answered Carlyon coldly, not at all desirous of entering into conversation.

But Helsford evidently did not intend to be shaken off; for, when Carlyon seated himself at a table, the other took possession of a vacant chair opposite.

"No go, I'm afraid?" said Helsford, eyeing his companion with an irritating air of secret satisfaction.

"Why on earth did you advice me to go over via Cherbourg, Helsford?" cried Carlyon, unable to restrain himself. "I traveled many more miles than I need have done."

"What do you mean?" inquired Helsford coolly.

"Did you not ascertain at Pont des Puits that the most direct route to London was via Amiens and Calais?" said Carlyon, looking straight at his companion.

Helsford met his gaze with such an expression of incredulity and astonishment that Carlyon's vague suspicions vanished immediately.

"Via Amiens?" repeated Helsford. "How on earth do you get there?"

"By the branch line from Pont des Puits. I returned that way, and saved several hours," explained Carlyon.

"I wish I had known of it. I believe the shortest route is via Havre, as I have since heard, but I had no idea one could get from Pont des Puits to Amiens. I did not suggest the Havre route when your message came the other day, because I knew nothing about it from my own experience. Your inquiry was how to reach Pont des Puits from Cherbourg, and I gave the information," said Helsford a little sharply.

"It was my own fault, I suppose," said Carlyon, feeling rather abashed; "but I mentioned Cherbourg in my message because, as you had previously told me that you had taken that route, I naturally assumed it was the shortest."

"I could have saved you the trouble of going over at all," drawled Helsford; "but of course it would have been useless for me to offer any suggestion. I was certain my uncle would give his consent."

"Why were you certain?"

"Because he is a cross-grained, suspicious, old curmudgeon."

"His objection to me seemed to be that I am a friend of yours," said Carlyon, taking up the menu card with an impatient gesture.

"Of course—I guessed that," said Helsford, with a low laugh. "He hates me like poison."

"I told him I was not a particular friend of yours, especially at present," said Carlyon, with malicious bluntness.

"Which he declined to believe, I suppose?" remarked Helsford, with another laugh. "I shouldn't wonder if he suspected a plot."

"He said something of the kind," admitted Carlyon.

"I thought so; it's his usual style. He is a dear unsophisticated old man," said Helsford, laughing again.

A pause ensued at this juncture, caused by the waiter's placing Carlyon's dishes upon the table. When the man had retired Helsford, who had sat stroking his mustache, said in a mocking tone—

"At all events you can relieve my dutiful anxiety about my uncle's health, Carlyon, as I gather you have seen him. Did he appear pretty well?"

"Not so well when I left Pont des Puits as he was when I saw him, I understood," returned Carlyon shortly.

"Is that good-looking nurse still in charge?"

"Yes; she inquired very particularly after you," answered Carlyon, suddenly remembering their last interview.

"Did she? What did she say?" inquired Helsford quickly.

"I should imagine that she is of a very jealous disposition," said Carlyon, in an oracular tone.

Helsford made no reply, waiting, apparently with curiosity, for further details; but Carlyon did not choose to enlighten him, and, after a pause, Helsford remarked carelessly—

"She is rather a good-looking woman."

"And a dangerous one," added Carlyon.

"No doubt, as you say, a dangerous one," acquiesced Helsford again, glancing rather anxiously at him.

After this Carlyon lapsed into an obstinate silence, hoping that his companion would leave him; but Helsford still lingered, gazing around him with an air of abstraction, and only occasionally glancing at Carlyon, who was stolidly discussing his meal. At length Helsford inquired carelessly—

"Well, what do you mean to do?"

"I shall act as though your uncle did not exist," replied Carlyon.

"You intend to propose to Ethel?"

"I do."

"What a pity then that you did not stay at Pont des Puits a few hours longer!" said Helsford, with a transparent affectation of concern.

"What do you mean?" inquired Carlyon apprehensively.

"My cousin has gone over there," said Helsford.

"What!" exclaimed Carlyon, dropping his knife and fork.

"I am afraid so," said Helsford. "I received a few lines from—from a friend at Pont des Puits this morning——"

"You mean the nurse, I suppose?" interrupted Carlyon suddenly.

"Well, yes. Between you and me, you know, she writes to me occasionally to report upon my uncle's condition," said Helsford, with some embarrassment. "I arranged that when I was over there."

"Well, but what about Miss Vivian?" cried Carlyon impatiently.

"The nurse mentioned incidentally that my uncle had telegraphed to my cousin to come over at once; that was yesterday or the day before, I forget which. I expect that Ethel has started by this time; I shouldn't wonder if you passed each other on the journey."

"Why on earth didn't you tell me this before?" exclaimed Carlyon indignantly.

"I was going to tell you," answered Helsford, "but I waited to hear what you proposed to do. By Jove, I must be off!" he added, looking at his watch. "Sorry to be the bearer of ill news. By-the-way, Carlyon, don't misunderstand the nature of the nurse's communications to me; her letters are merely bulletins of my uncle's condition. You are such a correct sort of chap that I should tremble for my reputation without this explanation. I'm sorry I haven't the note in my pocket to show you. Good night old fellow!"

Helsford rose as he spoke, and sauntered out of the room, leaving Carlyon overwhelmed with consternation; for after his interview with old Mr. Helsford and the letter he had written there was reason to fear that communication with Ethel Vivian would be rendered difficult.

He went off immediately to his chambers, hoping that he might find a letter from Mrs. Manning, saying that she had

persuaded her guest to defer her departure till his return. But there was no such letter, and Carlyon was forced to wait in miserable suspense until the morning, when he started for Stretton by an early train, soon after daybreak, and astonished the Mannings by bursting in upon them in a frenzied state as they were seated at breakfast.

"Eustace—back already?" exclaimed Mrs. Manning quickly.

"Where is Ethel?" inquired Carlyon, looking longingly round the room.

"She left us yesterday, and has gone to her uncle at Pont des Puits," replied Mrs. Manning.

"It is true then?" murmured Carlyon.

"Yes, it is true. Did you know it?" exclaimed the Vicar's wife in surprise.

"Why did you let her go, Mrs. Manning?" cried Carlyon almost reproachfully.

"I could not have prevented her, even if I had wished," answered Mrs. Manning quietly. "Besides, I hoped she would find you waiting her there. Why did you not wait, if you knew she was coming?"

"I knew nothing," said Carlyon bitterly. "If I had only known—— But tell me, Mrs. Manning, when and in what circumstances did she leave?"

"The day before yesterday—the day after I saw you in town—Ethel received a telegram from her uncle. Here it is."

She handed Carlyon the telegram, which ran as follows—

"To Vivian, Bilstone Vicarage, Norfolk, England. From Helsford, Pont des Puits. Am very ill, and require you to come over at once. Start immediately on receiving this. Telegraph, and will send to meet you at Havre."

"How could I, Eustace, in the face of that message, dissuade Ethel from departing?" said Mrs. Manning earnestly. "The poor girl was upset at her uncle's allusion to his health, and it would have seemed heartless of me to argue against her going. I hoped for the best, and saw her off yesterday."

"You were quite right of course, Mrs. Manning. Pardon my abruptness," said Carlyon, suddenly becoming conscious of his ungracious manner.

"I am afraid it was all due to my hasty letter," said the Vicar's wife uneasily.

"But you haven't told us yet how you got on, Carlyon. Did you see the old boy, and did he give you his consent and his blessing?" blurted out the Reverend Peter.

Even Carlyon could not refrain from smiling at his friend's want of perception, while Mrs. Manning frowned at her tactless helpmate.

"I saw Mr. Helsford, but the consent and the blessing were not given," Carlyon said, with grim humor. "By-the-way," he added, "poor Ethel need not have felt concerned about her uncle's health. He appeared to me to be, for him, uncommonly well and vigorous."

Carlyon proceeded to give a detailed account of his journey, to which Mrs. Manning listened sympathetically, considerately refraining from reminding him of the opportunity he had lost. When he had finished, the good natured little lady endeavored to convince him that he was much more disturbed by what had happened than he need be. She pointed out that Ethel was old enough to know her mind, and was not likely to be prejudiced against him by her uncle's opposition. Even if Mr. Helsford should remain obdurate, his state of health was such that he could not separate the young people for long. At last, she urged, Carlyon need feel no anxiety regarding Stephen Helsford's pretensions, for Ethel would be effectually protected against him by her uncle, and probably by the nurse also, judging by the signs of jealousy which the nurse had evinced.

However, all the arguments which Mrs. Manning's ingenuity could devise failed to console Carlyon. He was in a tantalizing position, for he had not yet received a formal assurance that his love was reciprocated. On this point the Vicar's wife could only offer her own opinion, which, however encouraging, left room for misgivings.

Carlyon was eager to return at once to Pont des Puits, in order to set his doubts at rest by seeking an interview with the young lady; but Mrs. Manning strongly dissuaded him from increasing old Mr. Helsford's resentment by attempting at present to hold any communication with Ethel. She counselled him to wait for a week or two, to allow the old gentleman's irritation to subside, and then to address a temperate letter to him urging him to reconsider his decision.

Unpalatable as this advice was, Carlyon resolved to adopt it, for he realized that now that Ethel was residing beneath her uncle's roof he was bound, for her sake, to act with discretion and to use every effort to obtain her guardian's consent before having recourse to clandestine methods. He therefore returned to town in a tolerably calm though by no means contented frame of mind, animated by a prudent determination to be guided in future by Mrs. Manning's judicious counsel.

A day or two afterwards, as a reward for his docility, the parson's wife forwarded to him the following letter for his delectation—

"Rue de la Monarchie, No. 3,
Pont des Puits.

"My dearest Mrs. Manning—I am told that I shall only just save the post, so that I am afraid my first letter to you from my new home will be a hurried one. I reached here safely, after as pleasant a journey as possible in the circumstances. Dear Mrs. Manning; parting with you and your darling children and your kind husband made me very miserable, and I shall never forget your goodness to me. I was met at Havre by my uncle's nurse, a young and good-looking but very grave and taciturn person, who rather depresses me by her manner. I suppose I shall get to like her in time, but so far she has hardly addressed a word to me. I have not yet seen my uncle, but he sends me kind messages through the nurse, who tells me that he is dreadfully sensitive about my seeing him. Poor fellow! I am afraid, from what the nurse says, he is very ill.

"This house is so dull and dingy; my room looks out upon a dark courtyard like a well. I am afraid I shall find the time hang heavily on my hands; but I can study French, and write to you, dearest Mrs. Manning, very often if you will allow me. This will be a real pleasure, especially if I have occasionally a letter to answer. I cannot tell you anything about this place yet, as I have been out only once, and then with the nurse to the end of the street. I must close this with my very best love and many kisses to you, dearest Mrs. Manning, and the darling children, and with kindest regards to Mr. Manning.

"Always your loving and grateful
"ETHEL.

"P. S—Has Mr. C. really been here? The nurse has said nothing, and I do not like to ask."

Carlyon eagerly read every word of this precious epistle. When weary of speculating as to what sentiment had prompted the fair scribe to write the postscript, he had leisure to reflect upon the sphinx-like reticence manifested by the nurse. She was no doubt carrying out her master's instructions in keeping silent on the subject of his recent visit; but her correspondence with Stephen Helsford suggested that she was not incapable of acting contrary to orders. It was impossible that the old man could be aware that his attendant was in frequent communication with his nephew, and Carlyon was by no means satisfied with Helsford's explanation. He instinctively mistrusted the woman; and it was evident from Ethel's letter that the girl was both puzzled and awed by her. If he had not had recent experience of the fact that old Mr. Helsford was still fully capable of asserting his authority, Carlyon might have felt uneasy at the idea of Ethel being in the nurse's power.

He had fondly hoped that Ethel's letter would be the forerunner of many others which Mrs. Manning would send on to him; but, to his great disgust, several days passed without bringing any tidings of the young lady, while the carefully-worded appeal which he addressed to old Mr. Helsford on his own behalf elicited no reply whatever.

Carlyon was chafing with impatience and indignation at this state of affairs, when Mrs. Manning forwarded to him, without a word of comment, a note which she had received from Ethel's guardian, curtly requesting that all correspondence between her and his niece should cease, on the ground that Carlyon's unfortunate letter of defiance left him no alternative but to close all possible channels of communication.

Carlyon was hardly surprised at the action of Ethel's uncle, though he was none the less aggrieved and irritated. Considering the attitude that Mr. Helsford had assumed towards him, it was natural that the old man should take precautions to keep the girl out of his reach. Unhappily, there could be little doubt that with the aid of his grim attendant he could effectually isolate Ethel from her friends. This dismal prospect made Carlyon more than ever impatient to take some desperate step, and he hastened down to Stretton in the hope of converting Mrs. Manning to his views. He was rather disappointed to find the Vicar's wife perfectly cheerful, and inclined to laugh at his perturbation.

"What is the matter, my friend?" she inquired, as she greeted him with a twinkle in her eyes.

"The matter!" he exclaimed. "Don't laugh at me, Mrs. Manning. I feel desperate!"

"Why?"

"On account of this letter. What have you done about it?"

"Nothing. What can I do? I feel certain that remonstrance would have no effect with Mr. Helsford, and also that any letter addressed to Ethel would be intercepted."

"Then I shall go over at once," said Carlyon, with decision.

"To Pont des Puits?"

"Certainly."

"What will you do there?" inquired Mrs. Manning quietly.

"I shall insist upon seeing Mrs. Helsford."

"What advantage do you expect to get from a further interview?"

"Well, at least I could see Ethel," said Carlyon irritably.

"I very much doubt that," returned Mrs. Manning. "I strongly suspect that this woman, the nurse, will prove an excellent duenna."

"The question is," Carlyon burst forth, "does Ethel care for me or not? If she cares for me, she will trust me."

"Bon! You now propose a romantic elopement?"

"I don't know about romantic," answered Carlyon, displeased at Mrs. Manning's raillery. "I will ask Ethel, if her guardian will not give his consent, to marry me without it."

"I particularly advised and cautioned Ethel not to do anything so foolish as to run away with you," said Mrs. Manning calmly.

"What!" exclaimed Carlyon aghast.

"When Ethel was suddenly summoned away I foresaw what has since happened. My last words to her when we parted conveyed the good advice I have mentioned," said Mrs. Manning cheerfully.

"May I ask what made you give that advice?" inquired Carlyon a little stiffly, though in his heart he was sure that his friend was true to him.

"Well, for what you may call a worldly reason," answered the Vicar's wife, with mock seriousness. "As the uncle is rich, I thought it would be better for both of you that his consent should be obtained if possible. Then there is no knowing what may happen. I still hope that by keeping quiet for a few months, and then approaching Mr. Helsford with an apology for a certain hasty and injudicious letter——"

"You mean the letter I wrote before leaving Pont des Puits?" interrupted Carlyon, reddening.

"Yes, I think it was foolish," said Mrs. Manning frankly, "and not calculated to soften animosity. However, in spite of it, I still think that in a few months' time Mr. Helsford might be approached with a better chance of success. But, if he still persists in withholding his consent——"

"You may safely assume that," interrupted Carlyon impatiently.

"In that case," continued Mrs. Manning, smiling, "I think Ethel might be willing, as you put it, to trust you and disregard her uncle's wishes—upon one condition."

"What is that?" inquired Carlyon, starting.

"I am sure that Ethel returns your love," said the Vicar's wife more seriously; "but I am also sure that she will never marry you, if her uncle refuses his consent, except with my sovereign approval."

"Then you don't approve of—of my going over at present?" said Carlyon, crestfallen.

"Certainly not, sir. You are irritated when I refer to the possibility of obtaining the consent of Ethel's guardian by waiting. I will therefore give as my reason that, supposing a runaway marriage to be desirable, the vigilance of Mr. Helsford will probably be much less in a few months than it is at present."

"That may be true," said Carlyon grudgingly, "but in the meantime——"

"Well?" interrogated Mrs. Manning, as her companion paused.

"Won't Ethel think that—that my feelings may have changed?" Carlyon concluded.

"I don't think the risk is very serious," answered Mrs. Manning, looking at him with laughing eyes. "I should not take such interest in you two lovers if I did not believe you would be constant to each other at least till August."

"August! Why August?" cried Carlyon, seizing Mrs. Manning's hand in a transport of delighted gratitude.

"Doesn't the long vacation begin in August?" inquired Mrs. Manning.

"Yes. What of that?"

"Peter was saying this morning," said Mrs. Manning, looking up at her husband, who at that moment sauntered into the room, "that he thought we might manage to afford a fortnight's trip to France in August. Didn't you say so, Peter?"

"Yes, my dear, I did," replied the Vicar, with a private wink at Carlyon.

"Peter thought we might perhaps pay a visit to Pont des Puits, and call upon Ethel—didn't you, Peter?"

"If we could by any means induce Carlyon to come with us," said the Vicar, with portentous gravity.

"Certainly, Mrs. Manning—certainly! I shall be delighted!" exclaimed Carlyon.

Without any apparent reason, the incorrigible Vicar gave a guffaw at Carlyon's reply, and threw himself upon the sofa, where he lay in convulsions of laughter. Mrs. Manning sternly inquired the meaning of this levity, and Carlyon for a few moments felt quite ruffled. But the Vicar's boisterous hilarity proved infectious, and presently all three were laughing heartily. The details of the projected trip were speedily arranged, and Carlyon was thus induced to restrain his lover-like ardor and to submit for a while to a policy of prudence and patience.

CHAPTER XI.

IF CARLYON'S time had not been occupied, he would probably have found himself unable to resist the desire which came upon him in the course of the succeeding weary weeks, to journey to Pont des Puits, in order to enjoy for a few moments at least the felicity of breathing the same air as Ethel. But it happened to be the busiest period of the legal year, and he became overwhelmed with professional engagements which effectually subdued his restlessness.

During the interval he heard no news of Ethel Vivian. He met Helsford pretty frequently at the club; but, mindful of an impressive warning from Mrs. Manning, he always avoided the subject nearest his heart.

The parson's wife was very suspicious about the correspondence between Stephen Helsford and his uncle's nurse, and did not hesitate to express her opinion that Stephen was plotting to obtain possession of the old man's fortune. No doubt if he had such a design, a woman of the type of the nurse would be a valuable accomplice. The sick man might possibly be induced, through the influence of his attendant, to make a fresh will, in favor of his nephew, when his vindictive temper was softened by approaching death. But Carlyon was too prosaic and matter-of-fact to believe seriously in the existence of a conspiracy without direct proof, and he was moreover honestly indifferent whether Stephen Helsford inherited his uncle's property or not.

Helsford either perceived Carlyon's reticence and resented it or he had other reasons for not referring to his uncle and cousin. The coldness between the former friends became more marked; but Helsford did not seem to care whether Carlyon still aspired to gain Ethel's hand or not.

Carlyon was puzzled by this apparent subsidence of Stephen Helsford's rather savage jealousy, until it occurred to him that Stephen, being probably aware of the fact that all communications between him and the young lady had ceased, considered that he had accepted his dismissal with philosophical equanimity.

Owing to Carlyon's impatience, it was at the commencement instead of at the end of August that the three conspirators started off on their expedition to Normandy. The Mannings had mapped out a pleasant holiday excursion, which was to end with a few days in Paris. Pont des Puits was however to be first visited.

Carlyon was unable to carry his mind beyond the joyful anticipation of meeting Ethel, and Mrs. Manning fully sympathized with his mingled hopes and apprehensions, while the Reverend Peter was prepared to enjoy himself in any circumstances whatever, and to that end he discarded his clerical dress for a rather "loud" tweed suit. Thus attired, he hailed his friend at the railway terminus with the glee of a schoolboy, and promised him, with a forcible slap on the back, that he would see him through.

In the course of the journey Mrs. Manning unfolded to Carlyon the plan of

operations which she intended to adopt on reaching Pont des Puits. She proposed to call at the Rue de la Monarchie alone or with her husband, first to see Ethel, and next to seek an interview with old Mr. Helsford, with the object of pleading the cause of the lovers. If Ethel's guardian received Mrs. Manning civilly, and showed a disposition to abate his former harshness, her idea was that Carlyon should then present himself in person, and endeavor to obtain Mr. Helsford's consent; but the little lady plainly intimated her willingness, should the old man's attitude be still inexorable, or in case she should be refused admittance to the house, to assist in abducting Ethel, or in marrying her to Carlyon out of hand. Carlyon acquiesced in this programme with the utmost eagerness, and the parson openly chuckled at the prospect of an exciting episode.

The travelers arrived at Pont des Puits early in the morning of the day after they had started from London, and took up their quarters at the quaint old Rayon d'Or Hotel, in the market-place. They arrived just at the hour of dejeuner, and after the meal the parson sallied forth alone with his pipe to explore the town, while Carlyon accompanied Mrs. Manning in the direction of the Rue de la Monarchie.

Carlyon did not venture however for the present to approach nearer to the house in which Mr. Helsford resided than the end of the street, where he lingered in suspense while the parson's wife was engaged upon her errand. After an interval which surprised even him by its shortness, Mrs. Manning reappeared, looking perplexed.

"They have left the town!" she exclaimed, as Carlyon hurried to meet her.

"Did you obtain their present address?" inquired Carlyon eagerly.

"No; Mr. Helsford, Ethel, and the nurse left about a month ago. I saw the concierge. She is not certain where they have gone, but believes it is Rouen."

"We must go there at once," said Carlyon promptly.

"I suppose so. I don't think we can find out anything more definite by making further inquiries," said Mrs. Manning thoughtfully. "It occurred to me that the doctor who attended Mr. Helsford might know, but it seems he has been applied to. The laundress discovered she had retained some trifling things by accident, and wished to restore them, but was unable to obtain the address."

"How does the woman know they have gone to Rouen?" inquired Carlyon, as they mechanically retraced their steps to the hotel.

"She heard Ethel pronounce the word Rouen as they passed the lodge on the day they left; but, as Ethel spoke in English, the woman cannot say whether they were going there or not. She asked the nurse to leave an address, but the latter said there was no necessity."

"What did the woman say about Ethel?" inquired Carlyon anxiously.

"Nothing much. She appears to have seen very little of her; for poor Ethel seems to have been kept a prisoner indoors all day, only going out occasionally in the evening in charge of the nurse. She and the nurse started off early on the day of their departure, and later on the nurse returned alone for her master. I suppose she and Ethel went to procure lodgings."

Carlyon's lover like apprehensions took sudden alarm at the serious and puzzled expression which Mrs. Manning's face wore when she spoke.

"I hope there is nothing wrong, Mrs. Manning," he said quickly.

"Wrong? What can be wrong?" returned the Vicar's wife, with unusual asperity. "There is nothing to be alarmed about. Has Peter returned, I wonder?"

They reached the hotel at that moment, and Carlyon asked the question of a waiter who was standing in the vestibule; but the answer was in the negative.

"You had better find him, Eustace, and bring him back," said Mrs. Manning.

"We may as well go on to Rouen by the next train. I do not think this place is very interesting from what I have seen of it."

Though the Vicar's wife spoke in a composed and matter-of fact tone, Carlyon could not help perceiving that she was uneasy at the departure of Ethel from Pont des Puits. There seemed no reason why she should be so, but her aspect inspired Carlyon with discomforting apprehensions.

He hastened off in search of the parson, directing his steps towards the old stone bridge spanning the river. Here he found the Reverend Peter, perched upon the parapet, with his feet dangling, smoking a pipe and surveying with amusement a company of peasant-women who, in their picturesque costumes, were engaged, with much chatter, in laundry-work at the glittering river below.

"Hallo, Eustace! What luck?" he inquired, on perceiving Carlyon.

"You must come back at once," said Carlyon impatiently. "We are off to Rouen by the next train."

"What has gone wrong?" inquired the parson, staring.

"Ethel and her uncle left here a month ago."

"A month ago!" exclaimed the Reverend Peter, descending from his perch and knocking the ashes out of his pipe. "What does Harriet say to that?" he added, after a pause.

"She is surprised of course," said Carlyon. "Why do you ask?"

"The fact is," said the parson confidentially, "Ethel promised faithfully that she would, whatever happened, let my wife know her address. We made sure she was still here, as we had not heard to the contrary."

"How could you expect to hear when she was forbidden to write?" said Carlyon more sharply than he intended, on account of uncomfortable misgivings.

"Harriet expected to hear, anyhow," said the parson doggedly.

This hint was quite enough to augment Carlyon's uneasiness. Why had Ethel failed to communicate to her friend the change of address? Had she been prevented by the vigilance of her uncle? Or could it be that two months' absence had changed her regard for her friend? The significance of Ethel's silent flitting was now painfully apparent to the anxious lover, who bitterly reproached himself for not having obtained the information some weeks ago, as he doubtless might have done, by applying to Stephen Helsford.

On arriving at the hotel they found they had just time to catch the Rouen train, and this they succeeded in doing. Carlyon seized the first opportunity of asking Mrs. Manning to confirm what her husband had told him.

"Yes; Ethel particularly promised always to let me know her address," the Vicar's wife said, in answer to his question. "It is quite evident that she has been prevented from doing so."

"Perhaps she forgot," suggested Carlyon apprehensively.

"No, Ethel did not forget," answered Mrs. Manning, with a reproachful glance, "or we should not have learned they were gone to Rouen."

"I thought you said the concierge told you," said Carlyon.

"Yes; but I am sure it was in order to leave a clue that Ethel mentioned her destination in the woman's hearing," returned Mrs. Manning.

"You think so?" cried Carlyon eagerly.

"I do. I am certain that Ethel does not deserve reproach," said Mrs. Manning.

"In that case," remarked Carlyon, coloring at the rebuke, "Ethel must have been prevented from communicating by letter; she must have been very closely guarded."

"I expect that nurse of her uncle's has taken good care that his wishes were obeyed," said Mrs. Manning.

Recalling to him the strange excitement which this person had manifested in speaking of Stephen Helsford's attachment to his cousin, Carlyon dreaded that, under pretence of carrying out her master's instruction, she might have vented her spleen and jealously in a thousand galling ways upon the unprotected girl, and he became feverishly agitated at the idea of Ethel suffering oppression at the hands of the old nurse.

The arrival of the train at Rouen interrupted these disquieting reflections, and Carlyon immediately commenced inquiries at the station, with the view of ascertaining Mr. Helsford's address. He had anticipated that he might obtain a clue, owing to the striking appearance which the unfortunate gentleman presented with his features concealed by a visor. But the spectacle had evidently failed to attract attention, as none of the officials could recollect having seen such a person. This was an ominous circumstance, for not only did it indicate that in a busy and extensive city like Rouen Carlyon might experience considerable difficulty in tracing the persons of whom he was in search, but it also suggested a grave doubt as to whether Mr. Helsford had come to Rouen at all.

Carlyon's dread of being led astray by a false scent, and his impatience of wasting precious moments in futile inquiries, induced him to adopt a course which events proved to be wise. Leaving Mr. and Mrs. Manning to engage rooms at the Hotel d'Angleterre, he drove straight to the Prefecture of Police. The Chief Inspector was extremely civil, though he hinted that the arrival in the city of a stranger whose features were carefully concealed from view would almost certainly have been reported to him. However, he placed at Carlyon's disposal a trained detective, who confidently undertook to ascertain in the course of a few hours whether the friends of "monsieur" were staying in Rouen or not.

Carlyon was so little encouraged by this interview that he felt strongly inclined to return at once to Pont des Puits, in the hope of obtaining more reliable information. He finally decided however to await the result of the detective's inquiries; and just as he was retiring to rest, fatigued and disheartened by the events of the day, the chamber-maid came up to his room and announced that a gentleman had called, who wished to see him immediately.

The visitor turned out to be the French detective, a grave and dignified person, with pointed moustaches, and a colored ribbon in his button-hole. To Carlyon's great satisfaction he reported that the English gentleman described by "monsieur" and his attendant were residing in a small house on the outskirts of the town, in the Rue Favart, No. 9.

"Are you sure?" inquired Carlyon.

"Certain, monsieur," was the reply. "I have spoken to the owner of the house, M. Latouche, epicier, Rue Gregoire. The gentleman and his attendant have occupied the house since the seventeenth of last month."

"His attendant! But there is a young lady, the gentleman's niece, living with them, I suppose?" said Carlyon quickly.

"There is no young lady," answered the officer—'only the gentleman and madame, who monsieur says is the nurse."

"But the young lady is with them," persisted Carlyon.

"There are only two persons in the house," said the detective, with a shrug of the shoulders. "A little servant comes in for a few hours every day, but does not sleep there."

"Then where is the young lady?" exclaimed Carlyon. "She was with them at Pont des Puits, and she left there with them. The gentleman is her uncle and guardian."

The detective shrugged his shoulders again, a trifle impatiently.

"I made particular inquiries," he said. "There are an invalid gentleman, madame, his nurse or attendant, and the little servant-girl. Those persons form the household. Doctor Armand calls there daily, and on two occasions an English gentleman has been seen to call. These are the only persons who have ever been to the house."

"An English gentleman!" exclaimed Carlyon.

"Yes; a stranger, young, tall, dark, handsome—some say the lover of madame," added the detective, with a smile.

"Stephen Helsford," murmured Carlyon involuntarily.

"He is believed to come over from England. At least, he is a stranger."

"Is he there now?" asked Carlyon.

"At present, no," replied the officer.

"You are absolutely certain then that the young lady is not there," said Carlyon once more, possessed by unutterable misgivings.

"Absolutely," returned the officer, with expressive gesticulation. "What makes monsieur so curious about the young lady?" he added, with a keen glance.

"The young lady is—is a particular friend of mine," answered Carlyon, reddening with sudden confusion.

"Pardon," said the officer, with a sympathetic smile. "What I meant was, has monsieur any reason to know that the young lady came here? Monsieur described these persons as friends of his, whose address he required, and my inquiries have consequently been superficial, directed only to ascertaining what monsieur wished to know. Of course, if monsieur has any suspicion——"

"Oh, no," interrupted Carlyon, thinking it prudent for the present to conceal the vague doubts and misgivings which tortured him, "I am not certain the young lady came here! All I know is that she left Pont des Puits with her uncle on the date you mention. She probably went elsewhere—to stay with friends perhaps. I will be candid with you, and admit that it is chiefly the address of the young lady that I wished to ascertain," he added after a pause. "If I cannot obtain it from her uncle I may again require your assistance."

"I am always at monsieur's disposal," replied the officer, with a polite bow.

"Do you know who the doctor is who attends the gentleman?" inquired Carlyon.

"Doctor Armand, Rue Chatte Blanche 58."

"Do you know him? Is he a respectable practitioner?" asked Carlyon, making a note of the name and address in his pocket-book.

"Oh, perfectly, monsieur! Doctor Armand is a young man, but he is much respected," answered the officer.

Carlyon dismissed the detective with a handsome honorarium, which elicited profuse expressions of gratitude and devotion. He would fain have summoned the Mannings to a consultation then and there, and could hardly refrain from sending up a message to request them to come down; but, on referring to his watch, he discovered with surprise that his labored essay at French conversation had lasted more than an hour, and that it was past midnight. His conscience forbade him to disturb the slumber of his kind friends after such a fatiguing journey, and he therefore reluctantly retired to his room to ruminate over the detective's information at his leisure.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

BORROWING.—The Egyptians had a very remarkable ordinance to prevent persons from borrowing imprudently. An Egyptian was not permitted to borrow without giving to his creditors in pledge the body of his father. It was deemed both an impiety and an infamy not to redeem so sacred a pledge. A person who died without discharging that duty was deprived of the customary honors paid to the dead.

COOKING.—From the top of the cathedral spire in Mexico one can see the entire city; and the most striking feature of the view is the absence of chimneys. There is not a chimney in all Mexico; not a grate, nor a stove nor a furnace. All the cooking is done with charcoal in Dutch ovens, and though the gas is sometimes offensive, one soon becomes used to it.

SALUTATION.—The black kings of the African coast press your middle finger three times as a sign of salutation, the Japanese takes off his slipper, while the Laplander pushes his nose vigorously against you. In Hindostan they salute a man by taking him by the beard, while the people of the Philippine Islands take your hand and rub their faces with it. The King of Ternate rises to receive his subjects, and they sit down to salute him.

IN CHINA.—The Chinese burglar takes an ingredient of his own, burns it and blows the smoke through the keyhole of the bedroom where the master of the house is asleep. The fumes dull the senses of the victim just enough to make him *helpless, while at the same time permitting* him to see and hear everything that goes on in the room. The only antidote against this charm is pure water, and most of the wealthy Chinese sleep with a basin of this near their heads.

WINE.—Sir Theobald (Toby) Butler, of the Irish Bar, once ate a bottle of wine, having taken an oath to the attorney in a very heavy suit that he would not drink anything till the cause was over, so as to be cool. The opposite counsel had made a masterly speech, humorous, and apparently impressive, and carrying conviction to the jury. Sir Toby rose, cool—too cool—his courage failing, his hands trembling, head palsied, and with faltering tongue. He felt his case failing. Sending for a bottle of port and a roll, he extracted a portion of the roll, and, filling up the hollow with the wine, ate the bottle of wine, revived his courage, overthrew his adversary's argument, and gained the cause.

MASS OF MINERAL.—Mount Kineo, which rises precipitously 700 feet out of Moosehead lake, is wholly composed of hornstone, and is the largest mass of that mineral in the known world. There is no true flint in the United States; but hornstone so closely resembles it that it takes an expert to tell the difference. This rock supplied arrow-heads to Indians hundreds and thousands of miles away. The discovery of these arrow heads in the Mississippi Valley led to the belief that a system of commerical exchange must have existed amongst the red men in former centuries. According to an Indian tradition, the mountain is the body of a monster moose that was slain by a giant.

CHESS.—In the course of excavations on the pyramid field at Sakhara, there has been brought to light a wall painting on which is portrayed a high official playing chess with an opponent—a very thin man. The wall painting belongs to the time of King Teta, of the sixth dynasty, which Lepsius has assigned to about 2700 B. C.; but Professor Brugsch, with new evidence before him, has put it back to about 3300 B. C. Like very many other games, the origin of chess is lost in antiquity; but there has heretofore been no evidence of such a remote antiquity as this. In very early times a kind of chess was played by the races in Hindustan, by whom it was believed to have been gradually carried to Persia. Then the Arabs became acquainted with it, and carried it towards the West, and so on to England, where the game was being played at the time of the Norman invasion.

WIND SONG.

O-o-o-o!

Oh, wrong wind!
That streak, a subtle whisper, through the wood
The sly arbutus hears,
Lifting her pinky ears
And blushing, in her crumpled bed reclined,
Where she thy meaning half hath understood,
Oh, wooing wind!

Oh, meaning wind!
Now are the gardens stript, the boughs are bare,
For those no week buds blow;
On the ghastly snow
Over the victims draws a covering kind
Well may it those sob and wail in vain despair,
Oh, moaning wind!

LOVED AND LOST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI. (CONTINUED)

BERNARD was at white heat by this time, and his hands were clenching and unclenching at his side, the veins in his forehead swelling into cords.

"You cur!" he said in the low tone that was more furious and ominous than any shouting. "You lie, and you know it! The lady you have insulted is as—as good as——"

"As a Sunday school teacher, deesay," drawled Stoyle. "I take your word for it. And, I suppose as she is quite respectable her mother, or some other chaperon, is about. Take me to her, and I'll apologize for speaking to her daug'ter without an introduction."

Bernard's lips twitched and his eyes fell. Lord Stoyle saw his advantage.

"She can't be here alone with you," he said, watching Bernard's face with a covert, sardonic smile of triumph. "She can't be? don't you know?"

"She is here alone with me," said Bernard. "And you shall apologize to her. Get up!"

Lord Stoyle leant back with a smile.

"Excuse me, Yorke, I prefer to remain seated. You say she is here alone with you. I see! My dear fellow, I'm very sorry! Oh, yes, I've no objection to say that. I had no idea she was—er—your property, or, of course, I shouldn't have interfered. No one can say that I trespass on another man's preserves."

Bernard advanced a step, his breath coming fast, his face pale to the lips. He understood the sneer, the implication, and his heart burned within him.

"You insult her still more grossly with every word," he said. "I told you that she—Ah!"—he drew a long breath—"it is wasted upon such men as you, who are eager to think evil of every woman——"

"Evil, my dear fellow?" drawled Lord Stoyle. "Let us talk sense! We are both men of the world. This young lady is a—er—friend of yours, and you think I've treated her badly—been too free with her. All right. I tell you that I didn't know that she was with you, and that I'm sorry I put my—spoke in. That ought to do, I should think. It would satisfy me, I know!" he added, with a sneering laugh. "Ah! I daresay it was a pretty piece of acting. Thought it would please you, I've no doubt. And I should say that if she'd guessed you'd have made such a fuss she wouldn't have cut up so rough. You'll find she's laughing in her sleeve when you go back to her. And—er—don't you think you kept her waiting long enough? Some other fellow might come along, and, finding her alone, may take her for——"

It was the last straw. Bernard was upon him, and had got him by the throat before he could utter the concluding words of his sentence.

Lord Stoyle staggered to his feet and clutched at Bernard. But it was the case of the minnow and the Triton—he was like a bundle of straw in Bernard's strong grip.

An open window was close beside them, and Bernard dragged Stoyle towards it. No word nor sound was uttered by either, for Bernard's grip on Lord Stoyle's throat rendered a cry impossible.

The window was over twenty feet from the ground, the sill quite low enough to render it possible for Bernard to lift his man above its level, and Lord Stoyle's eyes distended with dread.

"What?—what?" he managed to gasp.

"Apologize to her, or I'll throw you out," said Bernard with terrible calmness. "You cur! Will you apologize?"

Even as he spoke he raised Stoyle in his arms, and in another moment he would have been tumbled over, but Stoyle, the grip on his throat released, shouted for help. The door was torn open, and Nance sprang in.

She did not scream, or stand wringing her hands. The courage with which Bernard had credited her displayed itself as woman's courage, when it exists, always will, at the supreme moment. She gained the window at a bound and stood with her back to it, and her arms spread across it.

"No, no!" she panted, "you shall not. He is not worth it."

Bernard looked at her for a moment almost as if he meant to thrust her aside; then he dropped Lord Stoyle, and stood breathless regarding her.

It was Nance who was mistress of the situation.

"Come!" she said, putting her hand on his arm. "Come. Now, now at once!"

Bernard almost turned to obey. But it was not the way of the Yorkes to follow even a woman in such a case.

"I cannot!" he said, hoarsely. "Don't be afraid." Then he motioned to Lord Stoyle, who had hardly got up, and was leaning against the panelled wall feeling his bruised throat and struggling for breath. "Apologize," he said between his clenched teeth, "apologize, or I will come to your rooms and break every bone in your body."

Lord Stoyle got upright and looked from one to the other. His pale, grey eyes were blood-shot, his lips swollen. His nearness to a violent death had shaken all the sardonic impudence out of him.

"There—there has been some mistake," he said, huskily. His eyes fell after a malignant glance at Bernard. "Some mistake, I apologize. I thought——"

"Silence!" said Bernard, sternly. "Go," and he pointed to the opposite door.

Lord Stoyle picked up his hat, felt for his mashed eyeglass, wiped the cold perspiration from his brow, and turned away. After a few steps he paused, and looking over his shoulder seemed to be about to speak, but the sight of Bernard's face and flashing eyes cowed him, and biting his swollen lip he went slowly down the long room, and out of the door.

Then, as is woman's way, all Nance's courage fled. She leant against the window frame, trembling violently, her hand pressed to her heart, her eyes closed—but within her heart the resolve to die rather than to faint.

Bernard's wrath vanished, and gave place to dismay and remorse.

"Nance, Nance!" he murmured, taking her hand and pressing it in both his. "Oh, Nance, forgive me! I—I broke my word!"

She opened her eyes, and bent them on him reproachfully; but there was a light—a tenderness in them which made his heart throb and thrill, for they spoke forgiveness and—what else?

"You said you would not quarrel!" she panted, with a quiver in her voice.

"I know, I know!" he confessed, penitently. "But—but he drove me mad—he——. But it was all my fault. Will you ever forgive me? I—I seem to bring nothing but trouble to you, nothing. You are ill—frightened——"

"No, no!" she said, and her lips parted with a heavenly smile of forgiveness. "No I—I shall not faint. Let u- go! Let us go at once!"

She looked round the room with a shudder.

"Yes, yes!" he said.

He drew her arm through his, all unconsciously pressing her to his side, where for an instant she rested, with her hand still in his, and still trembling.

They left the Palace, and went towards the inn were Bernard had put up the horse. On their way they came to a small cottage, outside which hung a sign announcing that tea could be obtained there, and Bernard stopped.

"Let us go and get some tea," he said. "Let us try and forget what has happened. You won't refuse if you have really forgiven me."

Nance hesitated a moment, then let him lead her into the little arbor in the garden. A woman quickly brought them some tea, and after a while Nance ceased trembling, and the troubled look left her face.

Bernard was very gentle with her—his manner marked by a respect approaching reverence, and that tone of remorseful penitence which a man should display to a woman when he has been in the wrong.

Presently, at something he said, the rare smile flashed across the beautiful face, and Bernard drew a breath of relief, as he thought that, after all, their happiness would not be marred by the encounter with Lord Stoyle.

It was a lovely afternoon. The arbor was shaded and scented by a thickly flowering clematis. The sense that that they were together and alone wove its irresistible spell, and Lord Stoyle was forgotten.

They did not talk much. Nance leant back, with her hands folded. Bernard lounging near her and smoking his cigarette. It seemed to them both as if they had known each other for years—cycles of ages—instead of a few days—hours.

Love was hovering about the little arbor and they could hear the rustle of his wings. It was the sweet hour of peace after the storm—an hour of happy dreaming.

Nance woke suddenly—Bernard would have been content to remain till the moon rose.

"Yes," he said, with a sigh, "I suppose we must go. It is very jolly here, isn't it? I had no idea"—he looked round the little common-place arbor, with its rustic table of painted wood, about which innumerable "Harriets and Harries" had sat and partaken of countless "plain teas," with a kind of wonder th t he should have found it possible to be even content in such a place—"I had no idea that one could have been so comfortable. Yes, I suppose we must go," he said, reluctantly.

"Oh, yes, yes," said Nance. "It must be late."

"I will go and bring the cart round," he said; "you will not be alone, I will call the woman."

Nance's face flushed.

"Do not; I am not afraid," she said. "Indeed—indeed I am not."

But Bernard was not going to leave her unprotected, and when he paid the woman he said—

"Please remain with this lady until I return."

The woman smiled; his "tip" had been an absurdly generous one; and as she busied herself getting the tea things together she glanced with admiring interest at Nance's sweet face.

"I hope you've had a pleasant day, ma'am," she said. "The gardens are looking beautiful now. I always say this is the best time of the year, though some of the folks like the autumn best."

"It is the first time I've been here," said Nance. "Yes, it is a very beautiful place."

"Yes, ma'am, I hope it won't be the last," responded the woman. "I hope you and your good gentleman enjoyed the tea? I'm always careful to have the water really a-boiling. We've got a very pretty garden at the back. Would you like to look at it while you're waiting for your husband, ma'am?"

Nance's face went scarlet, then pale, and her eyes dropped.

"No; no thank you," she said. "I—I—he's not my husband."

The woman dropped a curtesy and looked penitent.

"I beg your pardon, miss, I do indeed," she said with timid apology. "I thought—I hope you'll excuse me! It's so difficult to tell when a couple's married or only engaged."

Nance's face flushed again, and she was about to deny the engagement, but checked herself. The woman gathered some of the clematis and a rose or two, made them into a posey, and laid them on the table.

"They're only simple flowers, and not like those you gentlefolk grow, miss; but perhaps you'd like to have them," she said.

"Gentlefolk!" Nance longed for courage to exclaim, "I am only a workgirl, a lace-maker," as she took the flowers with a few words of grateful thanks; and it was with a mingled sense of relief and trouble that she heard the cart drawing up to the gate.

The woman accompanied her to the cart, and offered to get a chair to help her climb to its giddy height, but Bernard bent down as he had done at starting, and drew her up beside him quite easily.

"Now we'll have a pleasant drive back," he said. "We must go another way round this time. I want to show you the big chestnut trees. People come across the Atlantic to see them." He broke off, and looked down at her with tender solicitude. "Are you all right, quite comfortable, and—and happy?"

"Yes," she said, almost inaudibly, and with downcast eyes. The woman's words, "Your husband," were still ringing in her ears.

"I am going to try my hardest to keep you so for the rest of the way," he said in a low voice. "I want to try and win your forgiveness; but I won't say any more."

"No," she murmured.

"There must not be anything to spoil these last few minutes. Perhaps—perhaps I shall be able to get you to say that you are glad you came, notwithstanding——"

The thought of Lord Stoyle clouded his brow for a moment.

Nance uttered a faint exclamation—

"Oh! The lace! After all!" she said, with dismay.

"That's all right," he said. "I'll get some photographs. I'll borrow some old lace. Never mind that. Look, there are the trees. Aren't they grand?"

He drove as slowly as he dared; but, slowly as he drove, the time seemed to fly, and presently they reached the London streets.

Their day was drawing to a close. A feeling of sadness crept over Nance, and a sigh almost escaped her lips. She felt that she could never more go with him again, anywhere; she began to feel that she had done wrong in allowing him to take her to-day. Had she not been mistaken for his wife, his betrothed? The color burned again in her face, as she recalled the woman's innocent speech. At the moment Bernard happened to be glancing at her. The sadness which was falling on her was taking possession of him.

It seemed to him as if he were going to lose her, as if a cloud was drawing over his life's happiness. His heart ached with a man's fierce passionate love, and the longing to declare it. The touch of her arms so close to his throbbed through him; the sight of her face, the beautiful violet eyes, filled him with a sense of mingled delight and pain. He knew that he could not, dared not bend down to her and say, "Be my wife," and he wished with a miserable sense of futility that he were one of the labering men whom they passed going home with their tool-baskets over their shoulders, a clerk in a lawyer's office, anything that would lessen the social distance between them. Even as it was he was sorely tempted. But two things restrained him—the remembrance of her father, and his own promise he had made to Sir Terence.

How could he ask Sir Terence to accept Mr. Grey as his, Bernard's father-in-law?

Instinctively he sighed and cut the horse, which sprang forward.

"We shall soon be home, I am sorry to say," he said. "I wonder whether you are?"

It was ungenerous of him to put the question, and he felt ashamed of himself as he saw the sudden tremor of her lips.

"Yes," she replied in a low voice, "I am sorry. It has been——" She stopped for an instant, then went on as calmly as she could, "It has been a great treat me. I have been trying to thank you for the last half-hour, Mr. Bernard."

"Thank me, thank me?" he said with a short laugh. "I'm glad you haven't succeeded! It would have been too ridiculous; especially after—after the trouble and annoyance you have suffered; and all through my fault. If you knew how much—how delightful——"

She put her hand on his arm timidly. They had come to the entrance of Eden-row.

"I will get down here," she said.

He had not intended to drive her quite up to the cottage, and he pulled up the horse at one. But it was too late; for, as Nance put aside the dust-wrap and prepared to get down, they saw Mr. Grey come out of the house, and leaning over the gate, look up and down the road.

"Sit still," said Bernard gently, "I should like to say good evening to your father," and he drove on.

As they approached, Mr. Grey saw them, and started slightly. His face was very pale, and there was a strange look in his bilious eyes.

"I hope he isn't going to make a row," thought Bernard, his lips tightening; and he glanced at Nance. Her face had grown pale, and she was looking at her father anxiously.

But when the dog cart stopped opposite the gate Mr. Grey came out with a sickly smile, and held out his hand.

"How d'ye do, Mr. Bernard? How d'ye do, sir? Been taking my little girl for a spin? Now, that's uncommonly kind of you, very kind!"

"How do you do, Mr. Grey?" said Bernard, shaking the thick hand, and inwardly shuddering at its hot clammy contact. "The kindness is all on Miss Grey's side. We have been to Hampton Court to see some lace Miss Gray wished to examine."

"Ay, yes, yes," said Mr. Grey with a forced geniality, hideous in its vulgar eagerness. "My gal's mad about her work. She's an artist, a real artist, sir!"

He offered to help Nance down, but she sprang lightly to the ground without his assistance, and with a murmured "Good-bye, and thank you," to Bernard, and a glance of gratitude and—yes, appeal—went into the house.

"Come in, Mr. Bernard; come in, sir," said Mr. Grey effusively. "I'll get a boy

to mind the horse. She's a beauty, a real first rate 'un, Mr. Bernard. And old Tom Grey knows a nag when he sees one. There's points in that horse of yours, sir, points!"

"Yes, she is a good horse," said Bernard, gathering the reins together, "I won't come in. I hope Miss Grey will be none the worse for her drive. By the way, I used a great deal of persuasion; I mean"—he looked the man full in the face—"if you are inclined to—well, to scold her, please put the blame on my shoulders."

"Not at all, not at all," responded Mr. Grey, waving his hand. "I'm not a stickler for etiquette. I'm one of those liberal-minded men who believes in—in giving a respectable young woman her head. I," he glanced up and down the road with a furtive, watchful expression which rather puzzled Bernard, "I'm sure she and me are very much obliged for your kindness. We haven't got too many friends to turn our back on a real one. And I'm sure you're the genuine article, Mr. Bernard," he added, looking hard at Bernard's face.

"I trust so," said Bernard; "I should be honored by Miss Grey's friendship.

"Jus' so, jus' so," responded Mr. Grey; "er—er—if you won't come in, perhaps—would you mind—er—er. I should like a few words with you, Mr. Bernard. It's—it's a matter of—er—importance. I shan't detain you long."

He looked up and down the street again with the same furtive, apprehensive scrutiny.

"Certainly," said Bernard. "Jump up."

Mr. Grey mounted the seat—none too easily—and Bernard turned the horse. As he did so he looked towards the window, and caught a glimpse of Nance's sweet face, and bowed to her.

"Beautiful cart, first class," said Mr. Grey. "Er—er—perhaps you wouldn't mind stepping down and having a drink? We could talk over this little matter I want to tell you about more comfortably over a quiet glass."

Bernard was about to refuse, but, struggling with his disgust, he pulled up at a public house, and, leaving the cart in charge of a loafer, and a crowd of small boys, entered the swing doors of the private bar.

"Brandy for me, if you insist upon calling, sir," said Mr. Grey, and he took a liberal draught of the fiery spirit, wiped his mouth, and laying a shaky hand on Bernard's arm, said huskily, and with eyes that were one moment glancing at him furtively, and the next fixed on the floor—

"It's just this, Mr. Bernard. I daresay that I needn't tell you that the individual that addresses you has seen better days It's easy for a gentleman to recognize another, though his togs—clothes—may be rather seedy, and he's fallen into the sere and yellow leaf, as the poet remarks. The fact is, Mr. Bernard, that I'm—er—in great difficulties just at this moment. In—in vulgar parlance," he gave an uneasy, swaggering laugh, "I'm stone broke! That's the word that fits it. I don't want to trouble you with the whole story. The world has been against me, Mr. Bernard. You see the sad spectacle"—he emptied his glass, and pushed it across the counter with a sign to the bar maid—"the spectacle of a man broken down in the struggle to maintain his dearly beloved daughter. Mr. Bernard, it's the thought of my child that unnerves me." He drew his cuff across his bleared eyes. "If it was only myself, if it wasn't for her, I would rather die on those stones—" he pointed melodramatically at the sawdusted boards—"than apply for help, though the individual I address is, I feel, a gentleman with a heart. Mr. Bernard I've seen better days."

Bernard instinctively drew away from the hand stretched out to grasp his arm again.

"How can I help you, Mr. Grey?" he said. "What is the matter?"

"Matter!" said the man. "It's ruin, sir, complete ruin. If I don't get sixty pounds by to-night, the brokers will be in, and—" he drew the cuff across his eyes again—"our little home sold up, sir, sold up! Think of it! Me and my poor child turned into the streets. It's my child, my gal, my Nance, I'm thinking of. You'll excuse these tears, Mr. Bernard."

There were tears in his eyes, as Bernard saw, and there was something in addition to the maudlin grief—an expression of suppressed terror, which, at any rate, was real.

"Does—does Miss Grey know anything of this?" he asked.

The terror grew more pronounced as the man shook his head, and replied in the negative.

"No, no, Mr. Bernard; not yet; but she must know in a few hours, when the brokers are put in, and——"

Bernard looked straight before him. The man might be lying. It might be all an invention to obtain money from him; but, on the other hand, there might be some truth in it, and he could not chance it.

"Sixty pounds, I think you said, Mr. Grey?" he said quietly.

The man's face lit up—if such a face could be said to be capable of lighting up—and an eager look came into his eyes.

"Sixty—sixty-five would do it, Mr. Bernard, would save me and my gal from ruin. I only ask it as a loan: I'll give you my note of hand, and no man can say that Tom Grey's——"

Bernard had put his cheque book in his pocket to pay his debts of the preceding night; he had it with him still, and he took it out Mr. Grey's face at sight of it would have been a fine study for a painter of the modern realistic school.

"Oh, Mr. Bernard! How can I thank you? Pen and ink, miss, please. How can I? Ah, if you only knew a father's feelings——"

"All right, Mr. Grey," said Bernard, beginning to fill in the cheque.

"A father's blessing! Make it open and to bearer, if you'll be so good, Mr. Bernard. The landlord will cash it for me. Ah, what it is to have a friend—a real friend! You've saved my gal from ruin, Mr. Bernard, and she shall thank you—I can't! I can't, indeed!"

Bernard looked up sternly.

"Not one word of this to Miss Grey, please," he said. "I must ask you to promise that you will not tell her, now or ever."

Mr. Grey, with his eyes fixed greedily on the cheque, nodded.

"Very well, just as you please, of course. It's for you to stay. No, no, I won't tell her! Thank you—a father's blessing." He clutched the cheque and held out his hand.

Bernard was drawing on his gloves and may not have seen it, and Mr. Grey drew it across his eyes, not at all discomfited.

"It's a loan, of course, you understand," he said, his vulgar impudence creeping back now that he had got the cheque.

"As you please," said Bernard; "but I would rather you accepted it as a gift. Don't trouble"—as Mr. Grey lugged out a piece of paper on which to write an acknowledgment—"please don't trouble. I am glad to have been of service to you. And, you will remember, Mr. Grey, that Miss Grey is to know nothing of this."

Refusing the man's effusive offer of a drink, he got away from him, and, drawing a long breath, drove off murmuring—

"Poor Nance! Poor Nance!"

Mr. Grey got the cheque cashed—it was drawn on the Bank of England—had two more glasses of brandy, and then went, with rather uncertain steps, homewards.

Nance was seated by her work table, her head resting on her hand, and she turned with an anxious look in her beautiful eyes as he entered.

"Well Nance, my dear," he began, with an unnatural cheerfulness, "so you've been doing the grand with your swell friend——"

Her lips quivered.

"Where have you been with Mr. Bernard, father?" she asked in a low, tremulous voice. "Why did you go?"

"Come, I like that!" he retorted, with an uneasy smile, and trying to pat her on the shoulder. "Why shouldn't I have a ride as well as you, and for a few minutes, too? Where have we been? Well, we've just been to 'ave a drink in a friendly way, as two gentlemen should. Ah, he's a good sort, in that young fellow——"

"What had you to say to him?" said Nance, in a low voice.

Mr. Grey winked and laughed.

"That's my business, my dear. But don't you be afraid. I'm not going to put a spoke in your wheel or spoil the fun; not me, Nance! I wish you every happiness, my dear. Yes, Nance, your poor old father——"

She rose white and breathless.

"—I don't know what you mean. Oh, why, why did you go with him? What have you said to him?"

"There, there!" he said, with an air of tipsy self-consequence. "You can trust your father, my dear. I'm a man of the world, and know how to treat a gentleman." And as she sank into the chair and hid her face in her hands, he staggered out and went upstairs.

Locking the door of his room, he sat down on the bed, and taking the money from his pocket, turned it over in his hand, and regarded it with an expression of relief and satisfaction.

"Phew!" he muttered. "That's all right! It was a narrow squeak, though! If it hadn't been for his turning up just then"—he drew a long breath and glanced round with the look of suppressed terror which Bernard had noticed. "But it's all right; just in the nick of time. I must go to Scuff and Schneller's early to-morrow, and——"

He paused suddenly, with as sudden a change of expression in his sodden face.

"Sixty-five pounds!" he muttered. "Sixty five pounds! It's a lot to give up—a lot. If I could hang on to it, and 'ad a bit of luck——"

He moistened his lips, and looked fixedly before him, as if he were weighing some question carefully; then, with an oath, he swept the money into his pockets, and rising from the bed, muttered—

"I'll do it!"

* * * * * *

Bernard drove home, his handsome face as grave as an undertaker's, his heart aching with conflicting emotions—disgust for the awful man to whom he had just given sixty-five pounds, pity and a passionate love for his daughter.

That such a vulgar, miserable libel on humanity should be her father! It seemed incredible. The thought tortured him.

And Nance, sweet, gentle Nance, would, if he had refused the man's prayer, have been turned into the streets! All a strong man's pity thrilled him from head to foot. Could nothing be done for her? Could she not be separated from the disreputable old blackguard?

As the question passed through his mind, he started, and his face flushed and grew pale.

What was he thinking about? Separate father and daughter! What right had he even to dream of such a thing? Besides, he knew Nance well enough to feel a pang of shame at the idea. He knew that she would not desert her father, though he were the darkest criminal on earth.

But oh, the pity of it! Her face haunted him as he drove away—drove so absently and carelessly that he nearly ran over an old woman, and called down upon him the censure of an indignant policeman; haunted him so that by the time he reached home he was in a fever of aching desire and tormenting despair.

"I must not see her again—never again!" he said to himself as he dressed. "No, no, I must not go near her! My poor Nance! 'My'? She is not mine, and never can be. I must be going mad."

He dined at home that evening, but the dainty little dinner which Robson served with noiseless ministrations was almost untouched.

A restless excitement had taken full possession of him. He knew that he was in love—in love with a girl he could not marry.

At such times and in such moods men do desperate things. If he had gone down to the club he would have played, played high, and probably lost the remainder of the money Sir Terence had obtained—at such a price!—for him; but he had promised to go to a dance at Lady Grandson's, and ater sitting over his wine—which he scarcely touched—until Robson, who had a "little hop" of his own to attend, was nearly driven wild, he put on his hat and overcoat and went out.

Lady Grandson's ball was a big affair, and a perspiring and not too good tempered crowd was vainly endeavoring to dance and promenade in rooms which would barely have held, in comfort, half the number of her guests.

Bernard stood in the doorway, wondering why on earth people should be such idiots as to voluntarily undergo such discomfort and misery, wondering why he himself was there, instead of sitting at home in an easy arm-chair, thinking of Nance, or sauntering amongst the trees in the Mall—thinking of Nance—when a voice at his elbow made him start.

It was Felicia Dameral. The smile that always greeted him was on her lips; the light that always softened them when they rested on his face was in her eyes. She was the loveliest woman in the room; she was exquisitely dressed. As he took her hand he thought, "If I were engaged to her I should be safe," and the thought kept him silent for a moment.

"You are quite a stranger, Mr. Yorke," she said. "Why did you not come to the picnic the other morning? We had a most delightful time, and we expected you at our 'at home' to day; but I suppose you were better engaged?"

As Bernard thought of Nance and Hampton Court he colored slightly.

"That would be impossible," he said with a smile. "One could not be happier than in Miss Dameral's society."

"Thank you," she laughed; "that serves me right. What an awful crush! Have you been dancing, or, rather, trying to?"

"No," he said gallantly. "I have been waiting for you."

Conventional as the response was, the delicate color sprang to her face

"You really do not deserve to dance, but well, I suppose I must." And she took his arm.

There was not much heart in his waltzing, and her quick eyes noticed that he seemed absent and preoccupied. They did not take more than three turns round the room.

"It is too ridiculous," she said, as a flushed and heated couple bumped up against them with such force that, but for the support of Bernard's strong arm, she would have been knocked over. "Is there any resting place for the sole's of one's feet I wonder?"

He led her into one of the ante rooms, and sat beside her almost in silence. He was still thinking "Had I not better ask her to be my wife?"

"You look tired," she said at last, and after a covert scrutiny of his face, which was paler and graver than usual. "Have you had a hard day? Been backing the wrong horse, or what? But perhaps I am too curious Forgive me."

"No, no," he said. "It is very kind of you to take a particle of interest. No, I have not backed the wrong horse, and I have not had a particularly hard day."

He laughed rather grimly as he remembered his encounter with Lord Stoyle, and the laugh was still on his lips when that gentleman himself entered.

His face was no paler than usual, but his lips were still rather swollen, and he wore a particularly high collar.

At sight of Bernard, whom he had not expected to see, his lips tightened, and his thick lids dropped over the light eyes.

Bernard half rose, his face red, his eyes flashed, then sank down again, but looked his foe steadily in the eyes.

"I have come to beg for a dance, Miss Dameral," said Lord Stoyle.

She looked from one to the other sharply and then consulted her card.

"The one after this, Lord Stoyle," she said.

He bowed and went out, and she turned to Bernard quickly.

"You and Lord Stoyle have quarreled," she said.

Bernard looked straight before him.

"I am right. You have," she went on. "What—what was it about?"

Her heart beat fast, her breath came painfully. Had they been quarreling about her? If so—after all, Bernard loved her!

"One mustn't tell tales out of school," he said, rather grimly.

"No," she said, admiring him for his manly refusal to gratify her curiosity or to speak ill of his opponent, "and I ought not to have asked. But whatever it was, I am sure you were in the right."

"Thank you," he said. "Yes, I think I was; but no doubt Lord Stoyle is as firmly convinced that justice is on his side. It does not matter."

"I cannot believe that you would do anyone an injustice," she said, in a low, thrilling voice. "If all the world declared you were in the wrong, I——"

She stopped, with drooping head and downcast eyes.

"Thank you, thank you!" said Bernard.

His heart was sore; the sympathy of this beautiful girl was, of course, very grateful to him.

"Perhaps he will apologize. You will 'make it up and be friends again,' as the children say," she said, after a pause.

Bernard shook his head and smiled quietly.

"I am afraid not," he said. "Miss Dameral, I can't tell you the cause of our quarrel, but I am quite sure Lord Stoyle, and I will not make it up, as you put it. He and I——"

He stopped, and her heart beat faster.

The strains of a Waldteufel waltz floated through the room, the air was heavy with perfume; the falling of water from a fountain close beside them seemed to sing, "It was over you they quarreled. He loves you; he loves you!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"HOUSEHOLD WORDS" relates a curious story of the late Comte de Paris: "In 1871, when the Government of M. Thiers was at Versailles, and before the National Assembly had decided whether the new constitution was to be monarchical or republican, the Comte visited the palace at Versailles. As he was about to enter the door M. Jules Simon met and recognized him. Bowing politely, M. Simon said: 'If we are a Republic you are in my house, and I shall be delighted to do the honors. If we are a Monarchy I am in yours.' The Comte laughed, took his arm and replied: 'Let us go in together.'"

A LOVERS' QUARREL.

BY M. B.

This morning drifts of daisies white
Were nodding in the meadow,
And o'er the glist'ning pilewort bright
Ran shifting shine and shadow:
From tasselled larch and scented pine
The blackbirds' notes were ringing,
And in a serried golden line
The crocus buds were springing.

Dear—how can poets praise the Spring,
The gorse bloom and the heather,
The sheltered groves where thrushes sing,
The changeful skies and weather,
The hazel boughs with catkins clad,
The cowslip and the lily—
Or are they changed because I've had
A tiff to-day with Willy?

An Incident.

BY A. C.

JACK ADAMS always was an oddity. I don't ever remember him staying in one place for more than month at a time. You would meet him one day in the Strand, and the next you heard of him would be from Japan, Fiji, or some impossible country in the heart of Africa. Without ties and with plenty of money, he was a wanderer on the face of the globe, and enjoyed it thoroughly. Sooner or later, however, he invariably gravitated towards London, much to the delight of his friends, for as a giver of dinners he was without an equal, and in his journeys to and fro upon the earth he had picked up a vast store of strange and quaint experiences, folk lore and such like, which made him the best of good company over the coffee and cigars.

I had last heard of him some months back from some outlandish place on the Siberian frontier. I cannot, however, say that when I turned up Piccadilly on Tuesday last I felt any real surprise at the sight of my eccentric friend's gaunt figure standing at the corner of Albemarle. As I got up to him he put out his hand and touched my shoulder for all the world just as if I had only just left him. Jack Adams all over.

"Who's that man, Dick?" he said, indicating the retreating figure of a man who was walking slowly westward.

Evidently a man about town; well dressed and quietly dressed, but as his back was towards me, I couldn't say.

"I don't know," I replied. "Why?"

Just then he turned his head and I saw his face.

"Oh, it is Lord——," I said. "I didn't know he was in town. Ever since his brother was killed in America, in that railway accident, he has been abroad travelling. You remember the story, don't you?"

I alluded to a nine days' scandal of a few years back—quite the customary kind of thing. Poor George Ashton's wife had run away with a scoundrelly French adventurer, and George had been killed in a railway accident while pursuing the guilty couple. As for them, they had never been heard of again. The only odd thing about it had been the fact that Fanny Ashton had been regarded as a model of devotion to her husband, and was known to have detested the Frenchman, whom she did not consider a good companion nor George, so when the crash came every one was astonished.

Well, she must have been a good actress and as it was not the first time a devoted wife had been known to change her mind, that soon ceased to add mystery to the affair, and the memory of it in time died out of men's minds.

"Indeed," said Jack, and noticed a queer look in his eye. "So that's George Ashton's brother, is it? And George Ashton was killed in a railway accident. Indeed! Well, come and dine at the club to-night. I want to have a chat with you and I've a story I think may interest you."

With that he turned on his heel and strode off in the direction of the Circus.

I presented myself at the club punctually to the minute—wouldn't have missed one of Jack's dinners with a story to follow for a pretty considerable fortune. The dinner was all a dinner should be. Later we retired to the smoking-room, where with our coffee before us we lazily settled ourselves into the big arm-chairs and lost the cares of the day and the petty worries of life in the delicate fragrance of a cigar, fit for the gods. And then the time and the place being fit and meet, Jack spoke.

"I've been in Siberia all the time I've been away, Dick."

"You've been away nearly a year, so of course you haven't," I replied.

Jack accepted my recognition of his vagabond habits with a grunt.

"Well, it so happened that in the autumn of last year, I met the fairest little—devil—there is no other word for her—but I forgot; I was going to tell you a story of the man in Piccadilly."

"Go on then, one or the other, or both."

"So be it; that belongs to over seven years ago—how the time goes. I was spending early autumn in an out-of-the-way nook in the Black Forest—one of those marvellous spots yet untrodden—say, rather, untrampled on by the English or American 'Arrydom. There's not much to choose between them, Dick—but, for choice, I think our own variety is slightly the less offensive—anyway, they are both adepts at making nature hideous. But this little spot Hinter—no, I won't tell you the name of it; you'd go and print something about it, and that would be the end for the next hundred years or so—this little spot was one of those wild, luxuriant corners of Paradise, where even the wicked man and the wanderer may be at rest for—say a week. There I was healthy and happy and quiet—stayed at the tiny inn of a primitive village, rose with the lark, went to bed at sundown, and lived on the simplest fare—even black bread acquires a peculiar relish under such circumstances. Now I had been there, maybe, four or five days, literally bathed in the soft pine-scented air, and had almost sworn never to leave so sweet a spot. That night, when I retired to the quaint little German bed—hard and lumpy and built for discomfort, but white as snow and scented like the pine woods outside—I felt as contented and peaceful as man can be on this malignant star."

"Some time in the wee hours, however, I awoke with a sudden start, which landed upon the floor the comfortless pillow arrangement which did duty for blanket and sheet, and nearly sent me after it. Sleep was gone from that moment; no longer could my restless body find ease upon the somewhat primitive couch. I knew what was the matter. The old restless fever which drives me here and there over the earth like a dead leaf in the wind was again burning within me. I sometimes think I know how the Wandering Jew must have felt, Dick."

Jack paused, and gazed rather heavily into the curling ring of smoke which, rising from the cigar, slowly widened into the infinity of the ceiling. I knew the mood; I was his old friend, and knew how to be silent. I, too, saw what he saw in that curl of blue vapor—ah, well, some other time perhaps.

"So at last I could stand it no longer. I got up in the little room and flung aside the curtain in front of the tiny lattice. There was the moonlight shining down between the tall pines, clothing all in a mystic garment and giving strange shapes to the broken and gnarled stumps which stood here and there among their happier fellows. Not a breath of air stirred; the whole village was steeped in silence and heavy with sleep. Now and again a dog bayed in the far distance, and the hills echoed it among the pine trees, till I thought of the tales of the "Wilde Jager," and thrilled with the awe of a superstitious peasant. I looked at my watch—two hours before the sun would rise; then silently and quickly I dressed myself, and stepped down the creaking narrow staircase into the forest. For a moment I hesitated on the dewy turf in the pale silence of the sleeping village. Then I struck off the main road straight up the wooded hill.

"How long I had been walking, buried in thought, I hardly know, but it must have been over an hour; for as I surmounted the topmost peak of one of the hills, the moon was looking wan, and round the eastern horizon there ran a pale band which told of the coming dawn. On the summit I paused to gaze at the weird scene around. Nothing but pine-clad hills all around for miles and miles—no sign of the sleeping villages. I had wandered so far that I did not even know where lay the village I had set out from. The silence of the hour before dawn was upon all nature—heavy and oppressive. I sat down upon the stump of a tree, meditating.

"Suddenly an unfamiliar sound broke on my ear from somewhere to the right—the sound of a spade plied quickly, yet cautiously, in the soft rotten soil. Then it stopped, and I heard the murmur of low voices quite clear in the deep silence of the forest; and the voices were English. My first feeling was one of resentment that a fellow countryman should have invaded the precincts of my forest; then of curiosity. With great caution I moved over the soft fallen pine needles in the direction of the voices, until suddenly I came upon a strange group.

"There was a tiny plateau at a slightly lower level than the summit, which had been recently cleared, leaving an almost square space of less than forty-yards each way. The trunks had been removed, but a quantity of dead branches still lay scattered about the edges of the square, while all over the space the stumps cropped up looking white and fresh in the half light. In this space were four men. Two were seated; one, a dark heavy-browed man of foreign aspect, but clean shaven, sat on the far side of the clearing, gnawing his nails, and now and then looking up with an evil scowl on his face at the man who sat opposite. Right opposite me at the far end was the man who was digging. He was half buried in a shallow trench, and as his head rose from time to time when he threw out the soft earth, I saw a short red faced man of military aspect, with a heavy moustache slightly greyed—a face severe and set.

"I began to draw conclusions.

"Then I looked at the last man. He was quite near me. A tall man with a fine-cut face full of breeding, clean-shaven and fair haired—a face very strong and decisive, which would have been almost hard but for the soft, beautifully-shaped mouth."

"Lord——!" I ejaculated.

"Don't interrupt, Dick. I was near enough to see that he was as pale as ashes, and his hand shook as he raised the case which he was examining. I completed my conclusions—they were duelling pistols.

"My natural indignation rose within me. My own countrymen—in this century, with a tribunal of justice ready to redress any grievance, from a stolen purse to a broken heart and blasted name—must yet plan to shed each other's blood in this peaceful forest, like so many 18th century ruffling blackguards who believed in honor; the thing was preposterous. I rapidly decided in my mind how to act. I would go to the nearest village, alarm the local authorities, and have the whole gang arrested and lodged comfortably in prison, there to cool their inflamed minds and reflect that, however little human nature may have changed in a century, there is no such stability in human manners. Then as I turned to go, I trod on a dead branch.

"'Stop!'

"Now, I am not in the habit of changing my purpose at any one's command when once I have made up my mind to it. But this brusque command was accompanied by an ominous, sharp click, which I had heard before out West, so I decided to stop.

"I turned slowly. It was as I expected. The tall man had dropped the case of pistols, and stood confronting me with a wicked-looking revolver levelled straight at my head.

"I think I was the first to recover my composure.

"'Well, sir?' I said.

"The tall man's face twitched nervously and for a moment he looked disconcerted. Then the pale lips set firm again, and in the most courteous tone imaginable, he began:

"'We doubtless owe you some explanation, sir. I will give you what I can.' Here he lowered his revolver, and bowed to me with dignity. 'Pardon me if I confer with my companions for a moment.'

"I bowed and, seeing no means of escape, sat down more or less resignedly on one of the tree stumps which littered the ground. Meanwhile, my tall friend held a hasty council of war with the man who had been digging. The dark man who was seated on my right regarded me with a look of fierce curiosity. As for the other he had never stirred that I yet saw, but sat with vacant eyes staring at the bare ground.

"The two others came forward.

"'You can scarcely be ignorant of the nature of the affair in which we are about to engage, sir,' the tall man began.

"I bowed.

"'And, unless we mistake you, it was your intention to alarm the authorities—a very natural course,' he added quickly, in a courteous tone.

"'That's true.'

"'Then, sir, I regret to say that through my friends and I are very loth to show any discourtesy to a stranger, a fellow-countryman, it is necessary for us to prevent this. It has been your misfortune to break in upon the closing scene of a very grim tragedy.' Here his voice shook somewhat and he went on hastily: 'It must be sufficient for you to know this, and to accept our assurance that no other course but this has been found possible. For the rest, we must impose upon you conditions.'

"'And if I refuse?'

"'Hear them first, sir. You will give me your word of honor as a gentleman to sit where you now are throughout this miserable affair, and to interfere in no way in anything that may take place unless requested to do so. After all is over, you will remain where you reside in this country for one week, and not seek to revisit this spot during that time. Lastly, upon your word of honor, you will not breathe a word of this adventure to any one for the space of one year from this date. I must again express my regret at having to force conditions upon you, sir,' he continued most courteously, 'only dire necessity compels me. They are not hard, and I am willing to repose all things upon your word of honor, sir. I still believe that has some force among English gentlemen.'

"'Again, if I refuse?'

"'Then, sir,' and there was no mistaking the ring in his voice, 'I shall be under the painful necessity of shooting you to prevent you from bringing fresh ruin and disaster upon the innocent and suffering. I give you two minutes in which to decide. What does it matter'—I heard him mutter as he turned away—'one more stain of blood in all this terrible tragedy?'

"What was I to do? I had not the slightest doubt he intended what he said, and I was unarmed and defenceless—one to four. Again, grim though the affair was, it did not seem to be a cold-blooded murder.

"Here was an English gentleman evidently in terrible earnest, and engaged in an affair which might expose him to the most serious consequences. Surely there must be strong and sufficient causes. Why, then, should I interfere? I am a man of the world above all things: provided there was no unfair play, why should I trouble myself about the matter?

"I hesitated no longer.

"'I accept your conditions, sir—on my word of honor,' I exclaimed.

"He turned quickly again, with somewhat of a relieved air. 'We are deeply obliged to you, sir—pray be seated,' and immediately resumed his former occupation as if nothing had occurred.

"Here was I, accommodated with a seat at the final act of a genuine tragedy; no interference allowed, not even applause; the foregoing acts missing, nothing but the battle, murder and sudden death finale to give the curious mind a clue to what had gone before. My scruples having been quieted, my interest and curiosity were strongly aroused, and I proceeded to study the scene.

"Now the pistols were ready and the digging finished. I watched them measure out the ground; it was a short distance, six or eight yards. They evidently meant business.

"At length all was ready. Not a moment too soon either. The eastern horizon was growing pale, and the eastward stars were melting out one by one.

"The foreigner sprang to his feet with an exclamation of joy and a snarling grin on his mouth that showed the wolf's teeth under his dark upper lip.

"As for the other—he sat as he had all the time, vacantly staring at the bare ground, until the tall man went up and touched him on the shoulder.

"'Now, George,' he said.

"Suddenly the man's face turned and I saw it in full, such a terrible agonized face. I've seen a good many such, Dick, but never one worse than this. But there was no mistaking the likeness between him and the tall man. They were evidently brothers, only the face of the man called George was softer and more delicate, a weaker face in some respects, yet one of singular sweetness and refinement.

"He, too, was tall, and looked gaunt and thin as he stood in the half light. But the face—I couldn't take my eyes from it: hollow cheeks, drawn mouth and tangled fair hair, he looked like a dead man already.

"I said his eyes were vacant before; they were changed enough now. The moment he saw the pistol a wild glare came into them as he clutched at it with his thin hands. The man was mad—stark, staring mad. I saw it, and almost started from my seat forgetful of my promise.

"I think his brother saw it too.

"'For God's sake, George, be firm. Remember your——' and he whispered something in his ear as he grasped the madman's arm in a vice, meeting his wild eyes with a look of strong control.

"With a mighty effort the other steadied himself and the light died away. 'Yes, yes,' he muttered; 'I'm all right now, old boy; quite steady: see!' and he held out his hand, quiet and calm.

"They took their places. The short man seconded the foreigner—no friend of his,

though, evidently, for he was most disantly courteous and formal.

"My tall friend came forward.

"'Gentlemen, you will fire when I give the signal.'

"A pause as the two confronted each other in the dawning light. A bird began to sing from a distant tree-top—then another answered.

"'One!'

"'Two!'

"'Three!'

"A single shot rang out in the morning air. From where I sat I could see a fine thread of blood across the temple of the man—the other had missed him. The foreigner had not fired, but he stood there with his pistol levelled at the head of his adversary. Then my eyes involuntarily sought the other's face.

"What I saw there I don't want ever to see again. I have seen men face death with abject fear in their eyes. I have seen men face it with dogged determination or with calm bravery, but never before have I seen a man who showed his longing for death in the way this man did. His pistol arm had dropped; as he stood there he seemed to be leaning forward, the lips half apart and in his eyes a strange, ecstatic look of eagerness and desire.

"A wicked laugh from the foreigner called my attention to him. He too had lowered his pistol.

"'So!' he exclaimed, 'you wish to die—well, you shall not have your wish. I give it you, do you see?—your life, it is a gift from me. I want you to think, to think, to think. I ruined her—I ruined her—and now I want you to live and think of it all. A long, long life to you, my friend!' he almost seemed to spit out the bitter words at him.

"The other gave a convulsive shudder and fell half forward, then, with a wild exclamation, he was on his knees before the other.

"'For the pity of God, torment me no longer; give me death. For the pity of God, let me go!'

Shocked and horrified I sprang to my feet, but his brother was before me.

"'George,' he cried, 'not that man—don't kneel to him.'

"Then that mocking brute—I felt I could have killed him with his sneering face and cruel mouth—he spurned the poor mad wretch with his foot.

"I hardly know how it happened. There was a short, fierce struggle as the madman sprang at his enemy's throat; the smothered report of a pistol and the two bodies rolled over separately on the turf.

"I rushed to them. The foreign man came first to my hand; he was not dead, but terribly hurt all the same. His left arm, which he had raised to guard himself, was snapped like a reed, while on the left side of his face was a horrible mark which he would bear to his dying day—as if a dog had seized him.

"For the other—he was stone dead, shot through the heart. And as we knelt in silence round him, the first red ray of the rising sun shot in between the pines and fell across the worn, dead face; it seemed to smooth out the lines about the mouth and bring a strangely quiet look into the dead eyes.

"'Rest at last!' I heard the brother mutter.

"Then we buried him. Not a word was uttered, nor a tear shed. I gave all my help and had the sense to hold my tongue. Quickly and silently with drawn faces and pallid lips those two went about the last sad task and obliterated the traces of the tragedy. Of me they took no more notice than of the dead.

"So down the hill they went with that other between them, reeling like a drunken man. I watched them till they vanished among the thick trees.

"Then I went home—slowly—and kept my word."

Jack ended. There was a long silence.

"What was the date of the accident George Ashton was said to have lost his life in, Dick?"

"Some time in January, 1888."

"Well, it's curious; this was in September, 1887."

"Of course it was George Ashton; I wonder what the story was?"

"So do I, Dick; so do I."

SOME BIG COUNTIES.—Between the Rocky Mountains and the Atlantic there are a dozen counties that contain more than 5 000 square miles. One of these is Aroostook, the northeastern county of Maine, which has an area of 6 800 square miles, but little less than that of the whole of Wales, and forty-two times that of the Republic of Andorra. Another is Dade county, Florida, in which are the Florida Everglades. This has an are of 5 600 square miles, which is about the same as Cherry county, Nebraska. In the State of Minnesota we find three counties, Beltrami, Itasca and St. Louis, each of which covers more than 5,000 square miles. St. Louis county contains the city of Duluth, which has more than 35 000 inhabitants. In Idaho we have two counties, Idaho and Bingham, which cover an area of more than 10,000 square miles each. Pecos and El Paso counties in Texas contain 16 000 square miles. Arapahoe county, Colorado, has 5 250 square miles, a part of which is made up of the area covered by the city of Denver. Routt county covers 6 000 square miles. In Oregon are six counties, in Washington three, in Nevada seven, and in California seven that have each more than 5,000 square miles. The largest county in the United States is San Bernardino, east of Los Angeles, Cal. It covers 21 000 square miles, an area of 5 000 miles larger than that of New Jersey. Delaware, Connecticut and Rhode Island combined, or half the area of the State of New York.

PAPER IN JAPAN.

When a people contrive to make sauce pans, fine pocket-handkerchiefs and sailors' waterproof overcoats out of paper, they may be considered as having pretty thoroughly mastered a useful art; and this is demonstrated by the above articles of Japanese manufacture, with the additional little circumstance that the saucepans are generally used over charcoal fires.

According to their own account, the ancient islanders wrote upon silk faced with linen, and also used very thin wood-shavings for the same purpose, until nearly the close of the third Christian era. About A. D. 280 paper was first imported from Cores, and, superseding the home-made fabrics, monopolized the market until the year A. D. 610, when the king of the Corea sent two priests to Japan to establish the manufacture. This paper was easily torn, and liable to be destroyed by worms, and, besides, did not take the ink well. These manifold disadvantages attracted the attention of Taishi, the son of the reigning Mikado, who substituted, as material, the bark of a species of paper-mulberry, which is still extensively cultivated for the purpose. By Taishi's orders the tree was planted throughout the country, the method of manufacture publicly taught, and thus the industry was commenced which has since so prosperously continued.

At the present time two hundred and sixty-three sorts of paper are manufactured in Yeddo. In regard to this immense number of styles, the national love for formalities must be considered; as, for instance, in addition to the usual varieties to which we are accustomed as appropriate for deeds, public documents, letters, notes, etc., the Japanese list mentions four distinct kinds intended to be exclusively used for poetry and songs. There are also kinds enumerated as employed for umbrellas, hats, lanterns and waterproof clothing, one being described as serving for candlework and pocket-handkerchiefs, while another is intended for handkerchiefs only, and a third is used for dressing dolls. Special kinds are prepared exclusively as wrappings for the several styles of religious, civic or social gifts.

The excellence in the manufacture is due in a great degree, to the fact that Japan furnishes a number of trees and shrubs with a fibrous bark particularly adapted as a material for paper, and several plants of which the roots, seed, or sap, yield a natural size for the surface of the sheet.

The species of mulberry first used in the seventh century is still regarded as containing the best fibre, and it is extensively cultivated. The plants are annually cut down to the root until the fifth year, when, by this treatment, the wood has become dense and strong. The branches are then cut into lengths of about one yard, and steamed in a straw vessel over a boiler. As soon as the bark begins to separate from the wood, it is stripped off by the hand, the wood itself being preserved for fuel. The bark is then hoisted upon poles to dry, by exposure to the air, and when dry it is separated into bundles weighing about thirty-two pounds each. The dry bark is then immersed in running water for twelve hours, after which the outer husk or bark is scraped off to serve as the material for an inferior kind of paper. The remaining or inner portion is again washed in running water, and, after pressure under heavy stones, the fibre is boiled with ashes. After another washing, it is well pounded, and then moulded into balls. These balls are next thrown into a wooden trough, and mixed with a pulp, together with a paste made from the root of the tororo, a shrub somewhat resembling the cotton plant. A portion of this pulp is next placed in a frame consisting of an inner and an outer portion with a false bottom of plaited bamboo. A dexterous and peculiar jerk from the skilled operator sets the pulp in the frame, and it is then so placed as to permit the water to drain off. The sheet of paper is lifted from the frame with a brush on a drying board, the side adhering to the board forming the face of the paper.

The paper "warranted to wash" is made with another kind of paste; and in the oil paper for waterproof clothes a glue is used made from young fern shoots stained with the expressed juice of unripe persimmons. Colors are applied in powder mixed with bean paste.

Several of the trees and plants used in the manufacture of paper are described as being the object of careful cultivation, especially in the manuring and preparation of the soil.

HINTS ON WASHING THE HANDS.—Some "philosophy" is useful in even so simple a matter as washing the hands. If any lady doubts it, let her, with a microscope, examine the surface to be cleansed by water, and she will be interested, and perhaps shocked at the discoveries made. Instead of a smooth surface of skin, presenting when unwashed a dingy appearance, there will be seen a rough, corrugated surface, with deep, irregular furrows, in which the foreign particles are deposited like earth among the rough paving stones of a street. If they lay loosely, it would be an easy matter to dislodge them with a little cold water; but the pores, the waste pipes of the body, are continually discharging into these open drains perspiration and oil, which by evaporation become a cement to hold the particles of dust, etc., and to remove them requires both chemical and mechanical action. Warm water softens this cement, expands the furrows, and makes the skin pliable; so that by rubbing, the soil is disturbed and partially removed. But chemistry must aid a little before the process is complete; soap is therefore added, the alkali of which unites with the oily matters, and the whole is then easily disposed of. The towel is useful, because its soft threads or fibres work down among the furrows, like so many little brooms, sweeping them out; hence it should be soft and pliable. Flannel is preferable to cotton for this purpose, and a sponge is best of all. Harsh, strongly alkaline soap should be avoided, as it abstracts all the oil from the upper layer of the skin, and makes it "chap or crack." Cold cream soap is best, being neutral. When a sponge is not obtainable, a very neat and serviceable wash cloth may be knit of soft cotton twine, either with the crochet or with coarse wooden needles, knitting backwards and forwards, as garters are knit. A mitten knit of this cotton with the crochet needle is very handy for this purpose, and makes a neat article for the wash-stand. The washing clothes may be had of most perfumers.

START YOUR CHILDREN RIGHT.—The man who is fitted out by nature, and sent into the world with great abilities, is capable of doing great good or mischief in it. It ought, therefore, to be the care of education to infuse into the untainted youth early notions of justice and honor, that so the possible advantages of good parts may not take an evil turn, nor be perverted to base and unworthy purposes. It is not the business of religion and philosophy to extinguish our passions, but to regulate and direct them to valuable well-chosen objects. When these have pointed out to us which course we may lawfully steer, it is no harm to set out all our sail; if the storms and tempests of adversity should rise upon us, and not suffer us to make the haven where we would be, it will, however, prove no small consolation to us in these circumstances, that we have neither mistaken our course, nor fallen into calamities of our own procuring. Religion therefore (were we to consider it no further than as it interposes in the affairs of this life) is highly valuable, and worthy of great veneration; as it settles the various pretentions, and otherwise interfering interests of mortal men, and thereby consults the harmony and order of the great community; as it gives a man room to plan his part and exert his abilities; as it animates to actions truly laudable in themselves, and in their effects beneficial to society; as it inspires rational ambition, correct love, and pure desire.

COPPER wires are used for Mexican telegraph lines so that they will hold the weight of the birds and monkeys which crowd them at night.

Scientific and Useful.

CHARCOAL.—Charcoal-powder, if laid flat on a burn, will cause the pain to abate immediately. By leaving it on for an hour, the burn seems nearly healed, if it is superficial.

CARBON PAPER.—Melt ten parts of lard, one part of wax, and mix with a sufficient quantity of fine lamp black. Saturate unglazed paper with this, remove excess and press. Use tissue-paper. A rather fine-pointed bone stylus is excellent for tracing designs, etc.

USEFUL CEMENT.—A useful cement for mending broken crockery and for repairing various domestic articles is made of the curds of milk mixed with lime. A similar compound is formed of cheese and lime mixed with water or skim-milk, and is used in Europe as a putty for joiners' work, and as a material for moulding.

TREE-FELLING BY ELECTRICITY.—Trees are felled by electricity in the great forests of Galicia. For cutting comparatively soft wood the tool is in the form of an auger, which is mounted on a carriage and is moved to and fro and revolved at the same time by a small electric motor. As the cut deepens wedges are inserted to prevent the rift from closing, and when the tree is nearly cut through, an axe or hand-saw is used to finish the work. In this way trees are felled very rapidly, and with comparatively little labor.

PIPES.—I have discovered, says a writer, a new method for cleaning pipes which have become foul. A shallow cork, through which a hole is bored large enough to enable it to fit tightly to the nozzle of a soda-water siphon is fitted into the bowl. The nozzle is inserted, the mouthpiece directed into a vessel, about a wineglassful of soda water forced through, and the pipe is clean. This is not a scientific discovery, but it may be of use to those scientific men who are smokers. Rubber stoppers answer better than corks.

Farm and Garden.

CROPS.—Attempting to grow a crop by loosening the ground with a harrow or cultivator may save time and labor, but the only correct way to prepare the soil is to plow it, and then harrow it down until a fine seedbed is formed for the seed.

A CREAMERY.—The building of a creamery in a neighborhood often conduces to more profit in stock keeping. Besides affording a market for the dairy products, it not infrequently is a means of education up to better methods of feeding and caring for the products.

COLORS.—Blue and scarlets, in juxtaposition, cause, it is known, a dazzling effect on the eyes. It is stated that these colors, strung on a line and placed over strawberry or other beds, produce a puzzling effect on birds, so much so that none will enter the garden while the colors flutter in the air.

ANIMAL FOOD.—Cheap animal foods are the best substances for inducing the hens to lay. Beef, hog or sheep liver will pay well for the purpose. Hens require food rich in albumen when they are laying, and if fed exclusively on grain, will fail to produce sufficient eggs to give the owner a profit. Clover hay, chopped fine and scalded is also an excellent food, and assists in providing a variety.

BREED AND FEED.—The farmers who believe that the feed, and not the breed, gives results can easily determine for themselves what the facts may be. Take two animals, one pure bred or a grade, and the other a scrub. Give both the same care and attention, allowing them as much food as they will consume. The well bred animal will give double the profit derived from the scrub, and the expense will also be proportionately less.

FERTILITY.—If farmers do not buy fertilizers they do one thing—sell their fertility. The soil cannot supply food for crops except at a loss, and though this loss may not be apparent for a year or more, yet a time will arrive when it will be felt. No matter how much manure may be produced on the farm, the annual application of fertilizers will not only keep the soil up to its normal capacity of production, but will permit the land to produce larger crops.

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Of Contradiction.

Why should some of us feel a desire to object to statements made by other men? And why does contradiction produce such a warming effect upon the speaker whose utterances are questioned? Is it the keenness of our love of truth, or a sensitive and sturdy belief in our own infallibity? The mere fact that some one differs from what we are inclined to believe right is surely no reason for feeling hurt or insulted; and yet contradiction is a call to arms for five men out of six. The explanation is that we do not make a sufficiently plain distinction between abstract truth and our own personality. It is not exactly because a thing is thus in very fact that we hold it so tenaciously for the time being, but because we have committed ourselves to saying it is so.

What we happen to know has for us a special value, and any contradiction of it is a blow to our pride. It is the clash of personalities that generates the heat. It is the doing and not the deed that is obnoxious. So few people have mastered the art of making the contrary felt that, even when it would be of manifest advantage that the contrary should come into evidence, it is brought in in a way that arms rather than disarms the enemy.

The controversialists try to hit each other from behind the facts and opinions that are being advanced; or in some cases a sensitive talker will feel himself hit when only his statements are attacked. "Do you think me a fool?" he will ask; and then it is time to stop talking. None of us would be the worse for a few lessons in the gentle and necessary art of giving and taking contradiction. We might learn not to harbor a resentment against truth thrust upon us, and to be chary of hurling knowledge at other people like a brickbat.

Part of the attraction of contradiction is in the natural joy of setting people right. So strong is the impulsion with some good folk that they will cheerfully run the risk of a snub from strangers who do not desire to be set right.

Very curious examples may often be seen at centres where tourists congregate. You can pick out the men who always know, or think they know, all about routes, and who thrust their experience right and left into the hands of their neighbors, some of whom are thankful, others amused, others loftily repellent, and others, of the raw sensitive order, who are restive at being told anything and are willing to go wrong rather to suffer the indignity of being put right.

Turn together a lover of contradiction and one of these haters of correction, and murder or madness is the result. But, annoying as is the bold contradicter to persons of a self-conscious and highly-strung temperament, he is not nearly so disagreeable as the insidious man who does not contradict, but supplements and expands other people's statements, treating them as a text requiring his valuable emendation. Many of us who can enjoy the contradicter cannot endure the cold-blooded superior emendator, with his, "Ah, yes, what you say is true enough, but then you forget," etc.

These people cannot bear that any one should differ from them without undergoing the ordeal of a grave remonstrance. They are so thick-hided in the consciousness of their own exact knowledge that they do not feel the want of manners in the part they play. Contradiction is usually "bad form," often destroys the pleasantness of social intercourse, but sometimes gives a spice to conversation.

But is it not salutary to contradict a conceited man if a natural opportunity arises to contradict him, and then to leave the matter to simmer in his mind? When the self-confident boaster is preening himself in pride, is there not a strong temptation to tell him he is wrong, "at a hazard," as Charles Lamb said, in the hope that it may do him good? It may be far kinder of one to contradict than to refrain.

What is the right way of meeting contradiction or of contradicting others when it must be done? Is not the secret of it saying what you have to say quietly and then leaving the matter? The person who is surcharged with the spirit of contradiction wishes you to go on contradicting him; his ruling passion feeds on opposition. Let him have his own way if he insists. He will pay far more regard to a casual expression of a contrary view than to a ten-times-reiterated assertion.

The victims to this misfortune are deserving of sympathy and careful treatment, for they court many disadvantages. By their curt refusal to accept or consider statements that do not agree with their own prejudices, observations, or conclusions they declare war upon knowledge, they barricade themselves against information, they express their complete satisfaction with their present acquirements. It is obvious that very few men can afford to take such an attitude, and they only as regards a narrow range of subjects.

Usually the man who is given to contradiction has but little knowledge, and that of a narrow kind. Sometimes his objections are only a cross-grained way of trying to draw out by opposition information on a subject he is aware that he does not understand. To let him go on in ignorance quite without a protest is not kind, if you have the knowledge he lacks; to force the facts in your possession upon him would be to ensure that he would refuse them; but if, instead of meeting his negatives with point-blank affirmatives, you say, "Do you think so? I have understood that the case was so-and-so," and then explain your view, you will have given him a fair chance of accepting the truth without being ruffled. If he retorts that you are wrong, and rushes upon you with big bold uncompromising assertions which you are aware are fallacious, a withdrawal from the contest, with the hint that he can have it so as a matter of opinion if he likes, whether it is a matter of fact or not, will leave him wondering whether, after all, you are not right; and the chances are that, when you next see him, he will have veered round to your view of the case in a way that would have been barred to him by very shame if he had been met by contradiction and pitiless argument.

A great deal of the warfare of contradiction has its rise in the failure to understand the difference between fact and opinion. Facts are quite sufficiently difficult to grasp and master with certainty without exalting opinion to the rank of the verities. Yet that is what the spirit of contradiction leads to; and it takes that direction the more readily because it is next to impossible to prove that an opinion is wrong.

AN unfailing accompaniment of jealousy is ill-temper. When a man has suspected a wrong, and is nourishing a jealous feeling in regard to it consequently, although it is indeed hard to say whether he is jealous because he suspects, or suspects because he is jealous, he is not apt to feel very sweetly about it. If he believes that wrong has been perpetrated, he is indignant, and the more he broods over the wrong, trying it in this light and in that, the greater does it grow, and the more preposterous and monstrous does it seem, till he can endure it no longer, and the outbreak comes.

WE have been often told that "a little learning is a dangerous thing," and we may be just as well assured that a little bread is not the safest of all things. It would be far better to have plenty of both. But the sophism of those who use this argument is that they represent the choice between little and much, whereas our election must be made between little and none at all. If the choice is to be made between a small portion of information or of food and absolute ignorance or starvation, common sense gives its decision in the homely proverb, "Half a loaf is better than no bread."

TIME can be truly saved only when it is well spent, and only well spent when we are in the right place, developing those faculties in which we most excel, and thus raising ourselves in value as the years go by. What we do will always correspond with what we are, and the thorough cultivation of health and welfare in their best sense is as necessary to the excellence and success of our labors as it is to our personal happiness.

JUST as moments of recreation, rightly spent, will prove their value by fitting us better to perform our regular work, so whatever is extraordinary in life, if rightly received, will revive and strengthen our interest in its common daily experiences, which are so rich in meaning and so replete with suggestions of duty and of improvement, of power, love, happiness.

ACCEPTING gratefully the many benefits it freely gives, an honorable man will feel himself bound to do what he can for the world's welfare, to leave it better off in some respect at least for his having lived in it. The whole past progress of mankind has been thus brought about, and future progress must depend upon the same means.

A MAN who knows the world will not only make the most of everything he does know, but of many things he does not know, and will gain more credit by his adroit mode of hiding his ignorance than the pedant by his awkward attempt to exhibit his erudition.

ALL the sighs and supplications in the world will not long bring wisdom to the heart that fills itself with folly every day, or mercy to the soul that sinks itself in sin, or usefulness and honor to the life that wastes itself in vanity and inanity.

ADDITIONAL freedom of thought and power of action are always and in all circumstances blessings to mankind; and whoever helps to produce them in ever so humble a manner is a true benefactor to his race.

THERE can be no social beauty where disorder prevails, no national beauty where law is set at naught, no beauty of life where the true ends of life are disregarded.

IT takes a lifetime of experience to teach us that we are our own best friend; that we are our own worst enemy we never learn.

FOR people who wish to live happily together there is this sound advice, Do not live too much together.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

MOSS ROSE.—**The creases may be taken** out in the same way as from any other material. Sponge the satin and iron it on the wrong side; if carefully done, it will look very well.

V. G.—**Sardines and sprats are not identical**, though they are similar in size and shape; a great many of the latter are doubtless tinned and sold as sardines when the real fish are scarce.

NED.—The order of the **"Iron Cross"** belongs to Germany; it was instituted by Frederick William III. in 1813, and revived again by the late Emperor during the Franco-Prussian war.

L. L. N.—**A furniture polish that is easy** applied is made as follows: Take equal parts of sweet oil and vinegar. Add one pint of gum arabic finely powdered. Put into a bottle. Before using shake the bottle well. Pour the polish on a rag and apply. No hard rubbing is necessary.

W. S. M.—**In Russia drunkenness** is said to be cured by steeping in liquor the bread, meat, and vegetables fancied by the patient, and also by putting into his tea and coffee his favorite spirit—at least one-third of a cupful. The result is he soon becomes disgusted with even the color of liquor, and gives up its use entirely.

D. S. S.—To make **Liebig's extract** of meat, cut the lean of fresh-killed meat very small, put it into eight times its weight of cold water, and heat it gradually to the boiling point. When it has boiled for a few minutes, strain it through a cloth, and evaporate the liquor gently by water baths to a soft mass. Two pounds of meat will yield one ounce of extract. Fat must be carefully excluded, or it will not keep.

L. B.—**The jelly fish hasn't any teeth**, but uses himself just as if he were a piece of paper when he is hungry, getting his food and then wrapping himself about it. The star-fish, on the contrary, turns himself inside out and wraps his food around him, and stays that way until he has had enough. The prongs of the star fish look like teeth, but in reality they are not, being nothing but ornaments to his person.

T. F. L.—The Journal des Scavans was the earliest work of the system of periodical criticism as it is now known; it was originated by Denis de Sallo, ecclesiastical counsellor in the Parliament of France, and was first published at Paris, May 30, 1655; the first work of this kind in England was the Review of Daniel Defoe—the term being invented by himself—published in February, 1703; the Wales of Literature was commenced in 1714, and was discontinued in 1722.

SOUTH.—**It is expected that the recent** development of pineapple plantations in Florida will result in the manufacture of rope from pineapple fibre becoming a new industry in that State. It is claimed that constant immersion in water does not in the least injure pineapple fibre, and the natives of the East Indies increase this property by tanning it, though it is probably at the expense of strength, in testing which pineapple fibre is said to exhibit superior tenacity.

G. G.—The use of birdlime for snaring birds is a relic of barbarism, and is exceedingly cruel, from the fact that many of them so trapped are allowed to die by slow torture in some out-of-the-way place to which they have dragged themselves. Unable to get food or water they gradually starve to death, and all to gratify an unsportsmanlike desire to obtain easy possession of them. This is the reason why we refuse to publish a recipe for making this compound.

ATLANTIC.—French bathers never put their heads below the water, so they have less necessity for water-proof bathing caps. But, as it is impossible entirely to protect the hair some kind of cap is an essential part of the costume. A new and clever French cap simulates a wig, much prettier than the old oilskin monstrosity. It requires to be well shaken after submerging, then hung up to dry, when the curl returns and the cap looks as curly as ever.

GEORGE.—The great social and religious festival of Thanksgiving Day is a legacy of the Puritans. They abolished Christmas as a relic of popery, or of prelacy, which they held in nearly equal detestation, and passed laws to punish its observance; but, wanting some day to replace it, the Colonial Assemblies, and, later, the Governors of the States, appointed every year some day in autumn, generally toward the end of November, as a day of solemn prayer and thanksgiving for the blessings of the year, and especially the bounties of harvest.

GRACE.—You are right. **Papered veneers** have come to be an important article of manufacture, the extension of the industry being largely due to the new and wonderful process of cutting. The mechanism cuts the logs to lengths of 12 feet, which are then halved or quartered, and bolted securely on a revolving iron table. As the table and wood revolve the surface of the latter comes in contact with a knife 12 feet long, ground to a razor edge and perfectly true, secured on a rigid iron frame—the entire cutting apparatus weighing about thirty tons. The veneers roll off in sheets at every revolution, of from one-nineteenth to one-hundred-and-seventy-fifth of an inch in thickness, and of the width and length of the log. There is not the slightest vibration of either the knife or log, as the sheet of wood in such cases would be either broken or take up a spring like a wedge. The sheets are backed with paper.

ARCADY.

BY M. R.

In Arcady, green Arcady,
The daisies ever star the lea;
Its skies are ever gold and blue,
No sweeter roses o'er drank dew;
Its thrushes sing right joyously,
Blithe is the brooklet's melody;
There eyes are bright and laughter free,
And hearts are ever fond and true
In Arcady!

And not by land, nor yet by sea,
We reach its shores; but Memory
Brings for a moment to our view
The sun-kissed vales that once we knew,
Where none so happy were as we
In Arcady!

The Opening Night.

BY H. P. I.

ALLENBY FARM, which stood on a hill overlooking the quaint little village of Nanton, was held by the Allenbys for many generations. The last Allenby who dwelt there was a grave, strong, taciturn man, tall and hard-featured, keen-eyed, with firm and rather hard lips, upright, just, honest, if somewhat harsh in his dealings—a man with simple tastes and strong prejudices, attached to his home—the home of his forefathers—and proud of his ancient race.

Farmer Allenby was a widower; he was about thirty years of age when he married, and had always until then seemed quite insensible to the charms of the opposite sex. But the orphan niece of a neighboring farmer's wife "came, saw, and conquered," and in a less than three months Farmer Allenby had wooed and won his bride, a gentle, timid, bright-eyed little maiden, frail and slender, and fair as a lily.

The big stern silent man worshipped the simple quiet little country girl with a deep and abiding passion that not even death could destroy, for the young wife lived but three years—three years of perfect happiness, confidence, and love—and then, two short weeks after the birth of their second child—the first, a boy, had lived but a few hours—the young mother passed away, and Farmer Allenby and his little infant daughter were left alone.

He remained true to the dead woman, though many a fair maid and blooming widow smiled upon him, and would willingly have consoled him for his loss. He never asked one to fill his lost wife's place and be a mother to his little girl. He had loved her living and he loved her dead, and, with a simple childlike faith, pathetic in a man so strong and hard and practical in all else, he looked for the day when he should meet her again where there would be no more death, neither sorrow nor parting.

His love for the dead mother was blended with and inseparable from his love for the living child—his little Polly.

"I wish thee couldst remember the little mother, my lass," said he, when the child was old enough to understand. "'Tis hard on a young maid to have no mother; but, if thee couldst but remember her dear face, it might help thee all thy life, my little lass, as it does thy old dad!"

The little girl never felt the loss of her mother's love and care, for her father was father and mother in one. He had no thought beyond the child; and she loved him dearly—they were inseparable. The child trotted after him everywhere, rode by his side frequently when he went to town on business, and never parted from him save when it was absolutely necessary. No one had ever heard the father use a harsh word to his Polly, and his grave eyes always lighted up with a smile at her approach.

When Mary Allenby was seventeen, her aunt, the widow of Farmer Allenby's only brother, came over one day, on hospitable thoughts intent, her fair young niece being the object. Her husband, following the example of the younger sons of the several generations of Allenbys, had become a tradesman, and was, immediately before his death, a prosperous linendraper in Northerton, a neighboring town, which had rapidly advanced from the position of a sleepy little seaport to that of one of the most active and prosperous of England's commerical centres. The widow carried on the business with the help of an only son—a sandy-haired lad of twenty years—to the outside world a somewhat "lumpish" youth, yet possessed of extraordinary graces in the eyes of his mother.

Farmer Allenby treated his brother's widow with all due kindness and respect; yet he secretly held her to be somewhat of a fool, despising a woman whose mind was so set upon gay bonnets, ribbons, and curls unbefitting her years. Moreover, she was given to gossip, entertained her neighbors and wasted her substance at tea-drinkings and substantial suppers, followed by a "round game," and had even been known to attend the theatre, a wooden building in the main street of the little town; and this was the culminating offence against public sobriety and seemly behavior.

The worthy dame drove out to Allenby Farm, her mind set upon matchmaking—for Mary was three years younger than her cousin Tom—a suitable age—and she was a good girl and a pretty girl, and an heiress to boot; and, if the young people were thrown in each other's way, Tom might take a fancy to Mary. That Mary might not take a fancy to Tom, but might even fancy some one else, never occurred to the fond mother.

Arrived at the farm, and being hospitably entertained in the best parlor, the wily Mrs. Allenby broached her plan to the unsuspecting farmer.

"Why shouldn't dear Polly come and stay with me a bit? It would do the child good, and would brighten up our house."

Farmer Allenby was beginning a refusal, when his eyes rested on Mary's face. The girl had grown up very fair to look upon; she promised one day to be a beautiful woman. She was tall and slender and graceful, had pretty hands and feet, a fair oval face, pale clear skin, brow low and very broad, a sunny smile, revealing snow-white teeth, a sensitive mouth, at once proud and sweet, great dark-gray eyes, black level brows, long silky eyelashes, reddish-golden hair, a well-shaped head, carried daintily erect, soft mellow voice, tenderly changeful and expressive, as was the charming face. Such was Mary Allenby at seventeen. Her father looked at her and caught the flicker of disappointment in the girl's eyes. He was not a quick-witted man, though shrewd enough in his business dealings: but love had made him keen where his Polly was concerned.

"Wouldst thou like to go with thy auntie, my child?" he said.

The girl drew a deep breath, and her gray eyes gleamed with pleased excitement.

"Oh, I should!" she said eagerly; then, with an after-thought, "But, daddy, you'd be so dull here all alone?"

"Nay, nay, child," he answered, with a smile and a half-sigh—"'tis right and natural enough thou shouldst like an outing. 'Tis quiet for thee here—too quiet—and thou'lt not be gone long."

So the widow Allenby gained her point, and carried Mary back with her to Northerton, where she was to stay for three weeks. There she was introduced by her aunt into the little society of Northerton; a tea-party was given in her honor, and a picnic to the Black Rocks, with sundry other dissipations.

On the third night of Mary's stay Mrs. Allenby proposed that Tom should take them to the play. A strolling company held the boards of the tumble down and dirty little Northerton theatre. They had opened there only that week, and were to remain in possession a month, producing a variety of pieces.

Mary had qualms of conscience. She had often heard her father speak in terms strongly condemnatory of the theatre—it was the object of one of his most deeply-rooted prejudices—yet she was full of curiosity, and, moreover, did not like to gainsay her aunt or to seem ungrateful. The play presented was Romeo and Juliet, and the performance was a faulty one enough. But it was not so in the eyes of Mary Allenby—simple, unworldly, romantic Mary; to her it was heavenly, marvellous, the most wonderful thing she could ever have dreamed.

The Romeo of the occasion was a certain Jack Graham, a young man about five years older than Mary, in the eyes of the critical possessed of no special talent, but undeniably handsome, and gifted with a beautiful voice, the tones of which, speaking the noble poetry of Shakspere, thrilled the girl, who found in the young man's very commonplace performance all the poetry and passion lying dormant in her own emotional and poetic soul. She left the theatre like one in a dream; and her first words were a prayer to her aunt that she would take her there again—just once more.

The wily scheming mother readily assented. So they went to the theatre again and again, and yet again; and Jack Graham noticed the pretty girl who sat with her great gray eyes so full of wondering admiration, for their seats were the little stage, which was not far removed from the auditorium. He thought he would like to know her. How pretty she was! How evidently she admired him! From the appearance of the people who accompanied her, she must be the daughter of some small tradesman; yet she herself looked somehow like a lady.

The next day he came upon her sitting alone on the shore, having slipped away by herself to dream idle foolish girlish dreams.

Jack Graham was not embarrassed with shyness. He promptly felt in his pockets, and from one of them produced a glove—a girl's glove, too—and, approaching Mary with his best bow, inquired in honeyed accents if the glove which he had just picked up on the beach was hers.

Mary started up, blushed, trembled, and faltered.

"No—no—it is not;" she answered.

Thereupon Mr. Graham tossed it into a rock pool. But he did not go away. He stayed where he was; and, apparently considering that the incident of the glove had been sufficient introduction to the young lady, he continued the conversation and endeavored to make himself agreeable.

After that they met on several occasions by the shore, at first ostensibly by accident, afterwards avowedly by design; and so the days slipped away until the last day of Mary's stay arrived, the next week being Jack's last in Northerton.

By this time he was really very much in love with Mary. He was not a man to indulge in a deep or lasting affection for any one but himself; but Mary was so beautiful, so tender, loving, and innocent, and, besides, she was, in a small way, an heiress; and, though her father might be furious at yet, yet surely he would "come round" in time! So Jack told Mary that he loved her more than he loved his life, which was false, and that he was miserable at the idea of parting from her, which was true; and the upshot was that Mary promised to be his wife, and to wait for him for ever and ever, if necessary. Jack was to walk to Nanton every day during the next week, and meet Mary in the little wood behind the farm; and towards the end of Jack's stay Mary should "break it" to her father.

Farmer Allenby was waiting at the gate to receive his daughter and her aunt. He greeted Mrs. Allenby with kindliness, and then caught Mary in his arms and kissed her.

"Well, my little lass," he cried, "art sorry to come back to the dull old place and thy stupid old father? Nay, but I'm glad to have thee back, Polly! For all, it's kind of thy aunt to have troubled with thee so long."

"Thee'st enjoyed thyself, Mary, my girl?" he said that night, as they sat together in the porch, he smoking, she leaning back idly, looking dreamily down the old garden.

The girl started, flushed, and, hastily snatching a rose from the bush beside her, answered, holding the flower to her face, as if to inhale its fragrance—

"Oh, yes, daddy—I—I enjoyed myself!"

Her father looked at her for a moment, and, guessing at what her hesitation might mean, arrived at a wrong conclusion.

"Never mind, Polly," he said; "if the townsfolk are too fine for thee and thou'rt disappointed, thee'rt home again now, my little girl! Thee'rt glad to see the old man again—eh, Polly?"

A pang shot through the girl. She loved her father dearly; until three short weeks ago she had loved no one else; and a vague sense that here was a deeper stronger love than Jack's stole over her. Impulsively she flung her arms round his neck.

"Oh, yes, father—dear father," she cried, with a little sob—"indeed I do love you very dearly! And I'm glad—oh, so glad to see you again!"

"Why, Mary, dear lass, thou'rt crying!" said the farmer, removing his pipe, in consternation. "Thou'rt ill, child, or only tired maybe? Go in, my Polly, and get to bed! I know thee loves me, dear, and art glad to see me. Heaven bless thee, my darling! Good night; and be thy own bonny self to-morrow!"

Mary kissed him again and went away. She did not sleep however, but lay sobbing.

"Oh, I am bad and ungrateful not to tell him; but he will be angry—so angry! How can I—oh, how can I?" she murmured.

She did not tell him the next day, or the next, or the day after that; and the Saturday came, the day before Jack's departure. She met him in the little wood, and said "Good-bye" to him with tears; and still she had not told her father.

It so chanced that on that very day Farmer Allenby entered the wood by the gate that led into it from the lane running between between the wood and the farm, and walked slowly along through the trees. He had proceeded but a few yards when he suddenly stopped, as though he had been turned to stone, gazing stupidly at two figures dimly seen through the trees at the bottom of the slope a hundred yards or more away. They were a man and a woman. He could not see the man's face. He seemed young and tall; but the figure was not familiar to him. His arms were round the girl, who appeared to be crying bitterly, her face hidden on his shoulder; and he appeared to be speaking to her. The girl was—— Could it be his Polly? Farmer Allenby thought, clutching the tree beside him for support, while he stared wildly at the two young people. Even as he stared, they walked to the stile, stood still a minute while the man stooped and kissed the girl's lips once, twice, thrice, long and lovingly; then he vaulted over the stile, turned for a last embrace and yet another, and vanished.

The girl was left alone gazing sadly after her lover. She seemed to be whispering a prayer, for her lips moved; then she drew her hand across her eyes and began to climb the hill to the gate, passing very near to her father—so near that he could have caught her dress as she passed. He did not move, and she did not see him. She closed the gate behind her.

Father Allenby never knew how long he remained in the wood, or how he reached the farm, where he found himself standing still, like a man stunned but partially recovered, in the old sanded kitchen. He raised his voice with an effort, and called—

"Mary!"

There was a pause; then her voice answered him from her bed-room—

"Yes, father."

"Come here," he said slowly; "I want to speak to thee, Mary."

She came, after another pause, fearless now, but with the traces of tears upon her cheeks.

"Mary," said her father, speaking slowly, "I was in the wood, my girl, just now. I saw thee there with a man who held thee in his arms and kissed thee. I don't want to be selfish, lass—thee'rt a woman now, though I've thought of thee as a child—if thou'st found a lover in Northerton who'll love thee and be a good husband to thee, I'll give thee both my blessing, child. I've hoped, when I've thought of it, that thee'd wed with a farmer hereabout, and live in the old home; but, if not—— Well, lass, what must be must—only Mary, don't hide from thy father and meet thy sweetheart on the sly, my girl: let them come here like a man and look thy father in the face, and ask thee for his wife!"

Mary was sobbing.

"I was going to tell you, father," she faltered, "but I was afraid you'd be angry; and—and he's going away to morrow."

"Going away to-morrow!" echoed the farmer. "He's not a Northerton man, then?"

"No, father," sobbed the girl.

The father drew a deep breath.

"He'd take thee away from these parts, then," he said. "Well, well, if he's good to thee and thee loves him, very well; I won't be selfish, lass—I won't be sel'ish!"

There was silence for a while.

"What's his name, child?" resumed the father.

"Jack Graham," murmured the girl.

"Where does he come from, lass?"

"I don't know, father."

"Thee don't know? He travels maybe for some big firm—eh, child?"

"No, father."

"He's not a gentleman, Mary?" questioned Farmer Allenby.

"I don't know, father," said the girl; "I saw him first at—at the theatre."

The father's face darkened.

"The theatre?" he replied. "Did thy aunt take thee there? Well, it's what I thought—it's what I thought of her!"

"She took me there," said Mary, in a low tone.

"I don't think much of a man who spends his time about such places," said her father; "but I suppose he does something besides go to the theatre and meet thee in the wood—eh? What is it?"

"Father," faltered Mary, "you don't understand; he was acting at the theatre when I saw him."

"What," gasped the farmer—"dost mean to tell me, Mary, that the man I saw thee part from yonder as tenderly as thy mother ever parted from me in our courtings days—the man I saw thee kiss and watch out of sight—is a strolling actor? Oh, Heaven, I'm glad thy mother's dead!"

Mary only sobbed.

"Thee loves this man?" he continued.

"I do,' wailed the girl—"I do love him!"

"Thee'st promised to wed him?"

"Yes, father."

"And he loves thee?"

"He does—I'm sure he does!"

"And dares not tell thee so before thy father's face," cried Allenby, "but hides behind thee and leaves his sweetheart to do the dirty work!" The farmer's voice rose in spite of his effort to restrain himself, and Mary, with a pale face, fell back against the wall. "Well, I'm glad—I'm glad he's a coward that dares not face a man, for, if he was here, I might do that I'd repent!"

The girl sprang up, and her eyes flashed.

"It's not true," she cried—"he's not a coward; he wanted to come, but I would not let him! I wanted to tell you myself, I thought you loved me—you always said you did; but I don't call it love to make one miserable!"

Farmer Allenby gasped.

"I do love thee, Mary," he said quietly, "whether thee thinks it or not, child. Listen, then, my girl! I've give my life to make thee happy, but thee must put this man out of thy thoughts."

"I cannot, father," replied Mary Allenby. "I promised him to be his wife; and, if he'll have me, I must keep my word."

"Dost mean that, lass?"

"Yes, father."

Farmer Allenby took the girl's hands in his and spoke low and slowly.

"Hear me, my girl!" he said. "Thee believes I dost not love thee. Heaven knows it isn't so, Mary! Thou'rt all I have on earth; and I love thee, it may be, more than this man loves thee—if not, then at least as well, for he can't love thee more than I do. Thou'st been the light of my eyes ever since thou wert a little toddling lass; but now thee must choose between us; and, if thee chooses him—nay, I'll say no more harsh words about him to anger thee—the I'll see thee no more, never forgive thee, never hold thee to my heart or kiss and bless thee, unless it be in thy death hour!"

There was a pause. They looked into each other's eyes; the girl's were dry now, and her face and lips were very pale. He saw the answer in her face, and loosed her hands. Then Mary Allenby, tearless and *silent, placed her arms about his neck and* put her cold lips to his cheek once, and, turning, crossed the kitchen, passed out at the door, mounted the stairs, took her father's and her mother's portraits from the drawer where they lay, and hid them in her bosom; then she put on her hat and cloak, and, leaving all else, forsook her childhood's home and walked away slowly, slowly, with bowed head and a strange set look upon her childish face, along the road to Northerton.

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Twelve years had passed away since Mary Allenby left her father's roof. Nanton village and the farm were unchanged.

The widow Allenby was little altered; nor had there been a great change in her son, who was married to the daughter of a Northerton tradesman and prospering greatly in his business.

Twelve years had turned Farmer Allenby's hair and beard gray and carved deeper sterner lines upon his brow and about his mouth, but he was upright and powerful as ever, almost as robust as he had been thirty years before. His eyes were as keen as and his tongue was a trifle more silent than of yore; but he had always been a silent man. He seldom visited Northerton; he lived alone; and he never mentioned her daughter's name or took any steps to find out what had become of her.

Northerton was greatly changed; new churches, factories, shops, and a bank had been built, and a new line of railway made. Twelve years had worked wonders, partly owing to a discovery of coal in the district.

The little wooden theatre where Mary Allenby's love romance had begun was swept away, but a new and fine one of stone had been built by an enterprising townsman and was to be opened on the morrow. The owner, who was also the manager of the theatre, had won great praise in Northerton by engaging, with difficulty and at considerable expense, for the opening night the great London actress Margaret Cunningham, a "star" who had come into prominence within the last six or seven years.

It was a bright day late in October, chilly near the sea, on the uplands and on the high-road from Northerton to Nanton, but warm enough in the sheltered sunny little garden at Allenby Farm, where the chrysanthemums, dahlias, and Michaelmas daisies made a show. Pigeons sunned themselves on the roof of the barn close by; the fowls were cackling in the farm-yard over some stirring event in the world of poultry.

Farmer Allenby sat in the porch smoking his after dinner pipe and watching a pigeon which had flown from the barn and was running about on the gravel path. He had not noticed a hired carriage that had drawn up about a hundred yards down the lane, but he saw the pigeon rise, startled, from the path, and then heard the latch of the gate click.

He raised his eyes. A lady, tall and graceful, had entered and was walking down the path. She was dressed in black, and a black plumed hat covered her bright hair and shaded her face. She appeared to have found it chilly driving, for around her she held a cloak lined with costly furs. The hand with which she held it was ungloved and very white; some diamonds on her fingers sparkled in the sunshine.

She paused before the farmer, and said softly—

"Father!"

He started to his feet with a hoarse cry and stood gazing at her wildly, for it was Mary who stood before him, like her mother, but more beautiful, taller, queenlier. He did not speak, and her lips began to quiver. She let her cloak fall to her feet.

"Father," she cried, "don't you know me? Am I so changed? Won't you say you forgive me after all these years?" She stood there radiant in her beautiful womanhood, which time had but developed into riper loveliness. "I am all alone in the world," she said beseechingly; "my little child died long ago, and—and he is dead too. I wouldn't speak evil of the dead, father, but I—I think he tired of me. I seldom saw him after the first two years; I wearied him perhaps. Three years ago he died, and now I am all alone. And, oh, father, there has not been an hour in all these years that I haven't thought of you!"

As she spoke, a wild savage joy filled the old man's heart. He was dead, the man who had come between them—dead, and she did not mourn him, and her heart had turned to him, to her father. Then suddenly another thought struck him, and pointing to the flashing rings she wore, he said shortly—

"Thou'rt rich? How art thou rich? *What price didst pay for thy wealth?*"

She flushed.

"I earned it, father," she answered gently; "I worked for it all."

"Earned it," repeated Allenby slowly—"earned it! What work couldst do to earn thee jewels? Earned it!"

"I thought you would guess," said Mary, hesitating slightly. "Father, I am Margaret Cunningham the actress; I play Juliet to morrow night at the opening of the Northerton Theatre. I went upon the stage when—when I left you; I worked hard and was successful—have been very successful of late; they pay me well."

He burst into a wild hoarse laugh.

"Pay thee—pay thee well!" he cried. "Ay—the Evil One needs pay good wages as the price of a woman's shame; but the last wage of sin is death! Margaret Cunningham! 'Tis well at least thee dost not flaunt the name thy mother and mine bore before the world as thine!"

She colored and held her head rather more erect.

"Father," she said, with gentle dignity, "you mistake, you wrong me; I have never disgraced my name!"

He laughed again.

"Maybe thee speaks the truth," he said, "maybe thee'rt lying; I reckon a woman of thy trade thinks little of the truth. Dost call it no disgrace to paint thy face and stand up there on the public stage for all the world to see that likes to pay?"

She stood like a statue, a mist of pain before her eyes.

"Father," she said—and the clear calm voice grew clearer and calmer from inward agony—"I have made a mistake. I see that what I hoped and prayed for as I came can never be; but, if you and I must live apart as long as we live, if we must wait until all things are made clear to us through death, at least say you forgive me—at least kiss me and bless me before I go away—alone!"

There was a long silence.

"The day thee left me for him that's dead," said the farmer slowly, "I told thee, if thee chose him, I'd never, unless it were in thy death-hour, kiss or bless thee more. Didst ever know me break my word?"

"No," replied Mary, in a whisper; then, with a smile sadder than tears—"Yet once, father, you'd have had me break mine. You will not, then?"

He shook his head, then stooped and lifted from the ground her cloak of furs and hung it on her arm.

"Shalt call thy carriage for thee?"

She answered only by a moan, groping for the latch with nerveless fingers.

He opened the gate; she passed out, silently held up her hand to summon the carriage, entered it, and drove away.

Farmer Allenby returned slowly to the house and closed the door, and then he was assailed by a terrible temptation, with which he wrestled vainly; it was the longing, now he had driven her from him, to see his daughter's face once more. At last the temptation assumed a specious guise.

"I love her still," he thought, "for all that's past; but it's my Polly I love. If I could see this woman, this Margaret Cunningham, flaunting upon the stage, I should never love her; I could put her from my heart, even though she had Polly's eyes and voice, and be at peace; I'll go—I'll see her!"

It was dawn before he arrived at this resolution, and he went calmly enough about his usual day's work; but in the afternoon he donned his Sunday suit, mounted his cob, and started. Looking back at the farm. "I'll go to Tom Allen by when I'm gone," he muttered; "and he will sell the old place, or let it, any way."

Then he turned the cob's head and rode briskly to Northerton. There he put up the cob at the old-fashioned inn where for years he had stabled his horse on his visits to the town. Then he strolled down the High Street, and in a shop window, exposed for sale, he saw some photographs on which were printed the name of "Margaret Cunningham." He entered the shop.

"What's the price of yon?" he demanded, pointing to the photographs.

"Miss Cunningham's photograph, sir? Two shillings," said the man. "Thank you, sir!"—for Allenby had thrown the money upon the counter. The man took the picture from the window, then glanced with a covert smile at the gray hair and country dress of his customer. 'Very fine woman, sir, Miss Cunningham the actress," he remarked. "You've seen her on the stage, I suppose, sir?"

Allenby frowned so fiercely that the man involuntarily stepped back; however, the next moment the farmer had taken the photograph and silently left the shop.

He went down on to the pier, and, taking out the picture, looking steadily at the fair face of his little lass.

"Miss Cunningham's photograph? Two shilling"—"Very fine woman, Miss Cunningham the actress!" The words rang in his ears again and again.

At last he put the photograph away, and, leaving the pier, walked to the pit entrance of the theatre. There he had to wait and hear her name on the lips of the crowd. Some had seen her—some had not—all had heard of her. She had been "secretly married to a duke," said one. "She had never married at all," asserts another. She was "the wife of an artist," said a third. "She is a good woman, given to deeds of charity," some one informed the disputants; and lastly one of the crowd declared she was a "monster of iniquity, who had drawn countless victims to ruin." This version was the most generally received.

At length the doors were opened, and the old farmer, pressing his way onward, secured a seat in the front row of the pit. There he sat as if in a dream and listened to the talk around him. He was uneasy now lest she should see him there; she might break down, she might faint on the stage, and he did not wish that. It would be hard on her, and he had been hard already, perhaps too hasd; he might have spoken more gently. Suddenly he was startled by a heavy booming sound. He turned to his neighbor.

"What death-bell's yon?" he said involuntarily.

The man stared.

"It's no bell," he answered. "It's the town clock striking the half-hour. They ought to ring the curtain up soon."

At that moment the orchestra entered and the lively strains of the overture soon filled the theatre. The curtain rose. There were people on the stage; they talked; but the farmer paid no hred. He watched only for his daughter. At last she entered. He heard, as in a dream, the thunder of applause that greeted her; and then he heard her voice. He watched her, spell-bound. The Romeo was a well-known and popular actor; but Allenby saw only Juliet, radiant, lovely, murmuring softly in the moonlight on the balcony. He sat in a maze of pain. This was not the shameless woman he had come to see. Whence had she gained this power? Not from him—not from her dead mother. Every manifestation of it, every tender cadence of the lovely voice, give him a fresh pain. At last the curtain fell.

"Ah," said a man behind Allenby, "wait till she comes to the scene with her father—that's her best!"

The farmer ground his teeth and clenched his hands to keep back a cry, as he sat and waited for the "scene with her father" which was "her best." At last it came; and every line cost him a fresh pang. She played with feverish intensity and passion; and he turned faint from misery and longing as he watched her quivering form and saw her anguished eyes turned, as it seemed, on him.

Then followed the scene with the friar, and then the supremely tragic potion scene. By this time the actress held her audience spell-bound; they even forbore to applaud; and it was almost a relief to them when the phial dropped from her hand and she sank with an hysterical cry on Juliet's bed. As for her father, a cold hand seemed to clutch his heart, for his experiment had failed. He loved her still—it seemed indeed that he loved her more than in the old days—and yet prejudice, and conscience even, forbade him to sanction a life which he firmly believed, even though his daughter herself might be spotless, to be one of deadly sin.

The curtain rose once more, and Juliet was not on the stage—it was the scene between Romeo and the Apothecary—when suddenly there came the cry of "Fire!" and the flames that burst forth showed the back of the stage to be ablaze. Instantly there was a rush. Some succeeded in forcing their way out of the doors; but many fell, and were crushed and trampled upon by their stronger brethren.

Even in that awful moment there were those who noticed and remembered afterwards a tall old man, gray-haired, with pale face and eyes in which there shone a wild joy, forcing his way with superhuman strength, not to the exit, but straight to the burning stage. He reached it, and swung himself upon it. Volumes of smoke rolled across it, but it never occurred to him that she—as was indeed the case with most of the company and theatrical employes—might have escaped already; he never thought that he might fall suffocated before he accomplished his purpose; he only felt sure he would find her. He crossed the stage, went down a short passage and up a few stairs already burning; he struggled, blinded with smoke, into the dressing room appropriated to the great actress. She was alone, save for her frantic maid, who was shrieking for help which could not reach her, for the room was lighted from the roof and the entrance was surrounded by flames.

The actress was not shrieking; she stood erect, dressed in Juliet's white shroud, ready for the last scene. Her hands were clasped, her lips moving in prayer. Her eyes rested on him as he entered, and there broke from her lips a shriek of "Father!"

He took one stride forward, caught her to his breast, and kissed her.

"Heaven bless thee, my darling," he cried, with a thrill of passionate joy and thankfulness in his voice, "and forgive us both, dear heart! If we both were wrong, I said I'd hold thee to my heart and bless thee in thy death-hour; and Heaven has pitied me and made it mine too!"

THE SIZE OF MEN.

PROF. DONATH, a naturalist of Budapest, says the Boston Transcript, makes the startling announcement to the scientific world that the standard of man's stature is rapidly deteriorating. After examining the recruiting statistics of those European countries in which enlistment in the army is compulsory to every male citizen, he has found that during the past decade there has been a surprising increase in the proportion of men unqualified for active service on account of shortness of stature.

The number of those rejected last year from the Austro-Hungarian army was found to be 76 per cent. more in proportion than those refused entrance ten years ago.

Within the last ten years the proportion of those unqualified in Italy has risen from 7 to 23 per cent. In Germany, during the same space, although the required standard has lately been lowered, the rejected class has gone up from 7 to 16 per cent., and within sixteen years the proportion of those refused service in the French army, on the same grounds, has been raised from 6 to 13 per cent. Statistics from Russia has not as yet been received, but of all the other countries included in Prof. Donath's list, Switzerland alone was found to be free from this deterioration in the height of her average man.

These figures may be considered to have the same weight as would those deduced from a general census of male citizens,

since in the countries mentioned every man on reaching the requirements of age must appear before an examiner for measurement, whether he knows himself to be deficient in this respect or not.

It is, therefore to be answered by physiologists, whether or not the results of Prof. Donath's investigation have settled the controversy between those who have prophesied that the present age of intellectual activity will beget a race of dwarfs, and those who will believe that man will each year continue to develop physically, in consistence with the laws of evolution.

Would a similar examination prove such a distressing state of affairs in America? The countries mentioned are all great centres of mental "hurly burly"—yet not so much so as the United States. But first, how can the deliverance of Switzerland be accounted for?

The writer, on consulting several of the authorities of the War Department in regard to the differences of recruiting requirements of foreign armies, has heard an argument in favor of the adoption of military drill in our public schools, as proposed in a bill now before Congress.

In Switzerland it is required that all boys from the age of 10 until they leave the primary schools receive gymnastic instruction, which is also continued after leaving the primary schools, until their 20th year, the last two years of which period is devoted also to the handling of rifles.

In this way each youth is kept in Spartan trim until the required time for enlistment, when he is in every way a trained soldier. Stature does not only depend upon the length of the bones, but the cultivation of the cartilage which hold the bones together. But it is not disputed by medical men that exercise extends the bones as well as the cartilage and muscles.

Er. Theo. Gill, when asked at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington whether he was startled by Prof. Donath's examination, expressed his opinion that man is now at the maximum in the scale of health and stature. Various theories, he says, have been promulgated by anthropologists trying to prove that man's prehistoric ancestors were races of giants and that the human race has been on the gradual decrease ever since; but he has no respect for such doctrines. As proof of this, he says most of the ancient armor worn by the best physical types of men many centuries age is too small and too short for the average man of to-day.

The white citizen of the United States comes early, with an average stature of 67 67 inches. The United States negro ranks fourteenth in the scale, and of all the countries of the world considered the Portuguese were found to be the shortest, averaging only 65 43 inches. The total mean height of men was 67 3 inches.

In the table giving the relative heights of United States soldiers, those from Kentucky ranked first with an average of 68 67 inches, Kansas came second, and Connecticut was last with an average of 66 59 inches. As compared with tables compiled ten years before the close of the war, these statistices showed an increase of average height in each one of the States, without exception.

The Western man of the United States is generally superior to the Eastern man in height. This is attributed to the former's enjoyment of freer air and a greater abundance of food, at the time the West was first opened. It has also been suggested that this is due to the fact that only the best physical specimens dared to penetrate the wild plains in the days of the pioneers.

In many of our States high in the scale of human stature the greatness of frame is said to be due to the lime belts running noticeably in their regions. Lime, of course, is absorbed in the system from water, and also from vegetation, which partakes of the mineral products in the soil where it is planted. In the "hard water regions" of Vermont the native men are abnormally tall.

Last summer it was announced at the British Association at Oxford that there were found in Moravia bones of giant human skeletons, which from their size were thought to have existed at the time of the mammoths. About the same time an explorer reported that he had dug up in Dakota a dozen human skeletons, each measuring ten feet in length, when put together. These discoveries were discredited by scientists here, who regarded them as the imperfect remains of large animals, like the mastodons, the bones of whose limbs, which are the last to decay, have often fooled anthropologists in this way.

In Holy Writ we hear that "there were giants in those days," and tales of adventure, as well as the most trustworthy medical journals, are filled with descriptions of abnormalities, but none of these are thought to be remnants of ancient giant races any more than are our present dime museum freaks of height. The Spartans were abnormally large on their many centuries of patient physical culture. The Patagonians, Polynesians, Galway county Irish and Comanche Indians were all said to be above the maximum heights of the other nations. It is said that in 400 A. D. a race of people lived in East India who were seven and a half feet high, aver aging about 130 years of age.

The tallest man who served in the late war was 6 feet 11 inches. The tallest human skeleton said to be in existence is that of Charles O'Brien, a Scotchman, who measured 8 feet 4 inches. It hangs in the College of Surgeons, London. The tallest American on record was Porter, the Louisville, Kentucky, giant, who measured 7 feet 7½ inches.

SPIDER CRABS.

MIGHTY little about spider crabs was known until quite recently. When, a few years ago, the first attempts were made at dredging for living forms in the depths of the sea, the scoop nets brought up many crustaceans which astonished the naturalists. Commonly they were covered with spines, and many of them seemed to be almost wholly composed of legs. One species, to which the name ferox lithodes, or ferocious spider crab, was given, is the most formidably armed animal in existence, being so extremely prickly that it is a difficult business to handle even a dead specimen.

Every small boy who has had a chance to go wading in the shallows of bays and estuaries near the seashore is familiar with the plain, everyday spider crab. Take that creature, magnify him largely, furnish him with spines some inches in length, and you will have a typical sea spider of the depths. You cannot help admiring his arms, each two feet or more, perhaps, in length, and provided with a claw that is to all intents and purposes a hand. From his hiding place beneath a rock or in a crevice the animal is able to reach far out and grab whatever prey comes near. The arms look somewhat like the arms of a human skeletion, and they are so made that a bend from the joint at the elbow brings the claw exactly to the mouth.

The biggest of the known deep sea spiders is found in Behring Sea and elsewhere in the North Pacific. It weighs about twelve pounds when full grown. The natives of the Aleutian Islands eat it, and so do the fur seals. The latter feed extensively on crabs, though most particularly on a species called the horse crab, which has a soft shell and is not a spider crab.

Another very large species of sea crab, having a stretch of about three feet, has been caught at a depth of nearly a mile and a half off Cape Cod on the continental slope. The slope of the continent, as it descends quite precipitously to the floor of the ocean—its edge is not marked by the shore line, but is far out in the sea—is bathed along a narrow strip by a warm current. On this strip animal life flourishes abundantly, and from it have been dredged many new species of crabs, as well as queer fishes and other creatures. One odd point about the big spider crab just mentioned is that when an infant it is covered with spines far longer and more formidable than those which adorn the adult.

A kind of spider crab found in Japanese waters is so prickly that it is called the "rose-bush crab." It weighs three or four pounds when of full size. More appropriately it might be named the "chestnut burr," to which it bears a very close resemblance. A sea spider that belongs in the neighborhood of Alaska spends its life in floating about on seaweed; the casual observer would mistake the animal itself for a piece of seaweed. Another kind folds itself up in a compact shape, so as to imitate a rock, having no spines. The deception is helped by barnacles, which grow upon the creature. But the queerest of the spider crabs is the "cryptolithodes," which bears on its back a shield that wholly conceals it. The shield looks like the shell of a mollusk.

This protective contrivance reminds one of the device alleged to be adopted sometimes by lion hunters in Africa. The hunter is provided with an enormous convex shield of rawhide. He throws his spear at the lion, and, when the latter attempts to spring upon him, he crouches close to the ground, covering himself with the shield. The lion cannot get at him because the shield is slippery and resists his claws. When the hunter gets a chance he jumps up and throws another spear, collapsing at once beneath the shield. This is continued until the lion falls dead or goes away. One is at liberty to believe this story or not, as he chooses.

HE BUYS STOLEN PROPERTY.

"No, he ain't out of work. He buys stolen property; leastways, he buys anything offered to him, whether stolen or not without asking any questions," said a man recently.

The remark was made writes a correspondent in reply to a query as to the occupation of an individual who, fairly well dressed and apparently by no means "hard up," may be seen any day about noon "hanging about" a public-house in one of the busiest thoroughfares in London. Quietly and respectably dressed, and having the appearance of a smart man of business, he would probably have been passed unnoticed but for the fact that every day for several months the writer had seen him in the same place at about the same hour.

"Who does he do business with?" went on the informant mentioned above, in reply to a further question. "Oh, anybody who is introduced to him by a customer. He buys mostly, though, from gentlemen's valets and men employed in hotels, some of whom 'find' a good many articles before they are lost, you know. Jewelry, watches, and plate he likes buying best; but he's always open to make a deal, no matter what is brought to him. You can take it from me, though, he don't give much for the things. Look! there he goes inside with a customer. I know that young fellow well; he's valet to Mr.——"

Sure enough, the individual in question had been accosted by a nattily-dressed young man, and together they entered the public house. The writer happened to have in his pocket a gold pencil case, which about three weeks previously had cost twenty five shillings, and the happy thought occurred—why not offer it for sale in order to prove whether or not those statements were true?

"Can I introduce you to him? Well, no, I'm afraid I can't; but I can fetch a friend of mine who will."

With that he left, and shortly afterwards returned in company with a man whose down-at-heel appearance suggested he was out of work, and whose glances toward the public house seemed to carry with them a desire for liquid refreshment. When this was forthcoming he at once proceeded to business.

"What hev yer got; summat to sell? Old Charley'll buy it quick enough. As soon as he's done with t'other chap I'll make it right for you. When you goes in the public-house with him slip what you've got into his hand quietly, and he'll soon make you an offer."

The method of introduction was simplicity itself.

"He's safe enough, Charley," said the man who had been "fetched," when the street-buyer of stolen property left his previous customer.

"We'd better go inside," was the response.

The writer, acting on the instructions received, then slipped the pencil-case stealthily into the hand of the "fence" (buyer of stolen goods), who, taking up a newspaper examined the article behind it.

"Three shillings," said he presently, looking as though he should lose money by giving so much for an article which had cost but twenty-five shillings.

After a lot of haggling, during which he raised his offer to three shillings and six pence, the introduction resulted in "no deal." The pencil case was handed back, and the writer went on his way wondering not how the man got his living—that was explained—but how it came about that a buyer of stolen property was able to carry on his business in the street in broad daylight without being interfered with by the police.

THE Japanese are certainly a cosmopolitan people. Their political models are English, their religion is supplied mainly by America, their Courts are modeled after the French, and their schools after the German idea.

People do not discover it until too late, that the so called washing powders not only eat up their clothes, but ruin their skin, and cause rheumatism. Use nothing but Dobbins' Electric Soap. Have your grocer keep it.

At Home and Abroad.

While building part of the new Siberian railway, which has recently been extended from St. Petersburg to Omsk, a distance of 2,200 miles, the men had often to carry their food with them, and sometimes had to be lowered in baskets in order to prepare the track. In draining a bog sixty miles wide, both engineers and men had for some time to live in huts built on piles, which could be approached only in boats. Mosquitoes were so plentiful that the workmen had to wear masks, of which four thousand were brought for the purpose.

Big sleeves are not a new thing, as will be seen by the following ordinance in regard to them, adopted by the town of Dedham, Mass., in 1639: "and be it further enacted, that hereafter no person whatsoever shall make a garment for women or any other sex with sleeves more than half an ell wide in the widest part, and so proportionate for bigger or smaller persons. And for present reformation of immoderate great sleeves and some other superfluities which may easily be redressed without much prejudice or spoil of garments, it is ordered, etc."

Among the most wonderful and dangerous of all explosives is iodide of nitrogen. For many years chemists have have been trying to determine its precise composition, and in doing so have sometimes fairly taken their lives in their hands, for the substance explodes on the slightest provocation. A mere draught of air passing over it will cause an explosion. The least shock or friction is equally disastrous. But Doctor Szuhay, of Buda Pesth, has not been deterred by any danger from trying once more to ascertain what the iodide of nitrogen contains, although he has had some of his apparatus pulverized before his eyes. And he has succeeded, too, in his attempt, having recently established the fact that the extraordinary explosive, which he produced in the form of a fine powder, contains hydrogen as well as iodine and nitrogen. This fact had been suspected, but never really proved.

The Chinese have extraordinary superstitions relating to music. According to them, the Creator of the universe hid eight sounds in the earth, for the express purpose of impelling mortal man to find them out, "on the same principle, we presume," says one writer, "that Jupiter in Virgil hides fire in flint and honey in trees, in order to whet the ardor of man's industry in re-discovering the treasures." In stone, in metal, in silk, in wood, in bamboo, in pumpkins, in the skins of animals, and in certain earths, these sounds, according to the Chinese, are hidden. The musical instruments of their orchestra are all made of one or other of these substances, and the naive credulity of the people hears in the thuds of the gongs and the whistling of the pipes, the tones of the eternal sounds of Nature and the universe, as deposited in the strata of the earth by the Almighty Father.

Many officers of the army are wont to complain of the increase of cigarette smoking, especially among the younger officers; in fact, the anti-cigarette officers are so strongly opposed to the habit that the War Department may be asked to include it as one of the offences characterized as "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman." This recalls an order promulgated to the officers of the British army a couple of generations ago, which reads as follows: "The Commander-in-Chief has been informed that the practice of smoking, by the use of pipes, cigars or cheroots, has become prevalent among the officers of the Army, which is only itself a species of intoxication, occasioned by the fumes of tobacco, but, undoubtedly, occasions drinking and tippling by those who acquire the habit, and he entreats the officers commanding regiments to prevent smoking in the mess rooms of their several regiments and in the adjoining sparring rooms, and to discourage the practice among the officers of junior rank in their regiments."

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to [illegible] Catarrh [illegible] Hall's Catarrh Cure is [illegible] Catarrh being a [illegible] requires a [illegible] Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken [illegible] directly upon the [illegible] system, thereby [illegible] foundation [illegible] and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Our Young Folks.

DUNCAN'S WEDDING BAND.

BY A. L. D.

DULCIBELLA lay stretched on her back on the nursery floor, and the Pride of the Isles was stranded high and dry beside the nursery wall; for Hugh and Mary were far too busy talking to think of doll or boat.

"The flowers," said Mary.

"And the ferns," said Hugh.

"And the cake," said Mary, getting quite excited—"the tall tower of a cake——"

"Yes," said Hugh, "the ferns, the flowers, and the tall tower of a cake——"

"Are lovely!" said both the children together.

"I am glad we are to see it to-morrow," said Hugh. "But, Mary, don't you wish that we could have a wedding too?"

"Of course I do," said Mary; "but we have not a big sister to be the bride, and I suppose there must be a bride."

"I should like to do something at the wedding," said Hugh, "now Duncan is to carry the bride's long dress."

"Well, I am going to throw flowers for Mary. "Nurse says I may."

Hugh knelt down on the floor and picked up the fat fairy book. He was thinking hard. He began to turn the pages of the book over; but he stopped when he came to the picture of Cinderella marrying the Prince.

"You see, Mary, at Cinderella's wedding," he said at last, "they had a band. Do you think Duncan will have a band at his wedding?"

Mary shook her head.

"But he ought to have a band," said Hugh; "and he shall have a band too, Mary!" Hugh began to shout. "We will be the band."

"Oh, Hugh, we will be the band," said Mary, clapping her hands; "and won't Duncan be pleased!"

"In the picture," said Hugh, "there are three men blowing trumpets, and one man beating a drum."

"But we have only one little trumpet," said Mary.

"I have a gun," said Hugh, "and of course, that would be something."

"Perhaps mother would buy us a drum," said Mary. "Shall we ask her if she will?"

There was a knock at the door and a ring at the bell. Both children ran to the window.

"It's Duncan," said Mary.

"In his page's dress," said Hugh.

"Mary and Hugh, come and see how lovely I look," called Duncan's voice.

And the children hurried downstairs, almost tumbling over one another as they ran.

They were so busy admiring Duncan's dress that they forgot all about the band; but Hugh remembered it again as they were going to bed, and he managed to whisper to Mary, on the way upstairs: "We must settle who is to have the trumpet and who is to have the gun to-morrow morning."

Nurse was very busy next morning, hurrying to get through her work, so that she could go to see the wedding. The children were sent out into the garden to play until nurse was ready, and they had strict orders to play quietly and not get dirty or untidy. They certainly played quietly, for after one visit to the nursery, they spent the whole morning under the big chestnut tree.

It was getting late when nurse was ready at last to start for the church, and she was very glad when the children proposed running on in front of her. Only when in the church did she catch sight of something sticking out of Hugh's coat, and noticed that Mary had a stick of some kind inside her little parasol.

Before she had time to speak to the children, however, the organ began to play, and the bride, with her bridesmaids, appeared at the church door.

"There is Duncan," whispered Hugh.

"And look at his stick with the flowers tied on to it," said Mary.

"Hugh!" said nurse. "You must not talk now."

Mary tried very hard to stand still, but the people in front of her were very tall, and she began to feel tired.

"Hugh," she whispered softly, "Hugh—"

But nurse was standing between them, and Hugh did not hear. Hugh, too, was busy trying to get something out from beneath his coat.

Mary knew what it was, and as soon as she saw what her brother was doing, Mary began to open her parasol.

"Don't fidget," said nurse. "We shall go home directly. It is nearly over."

The something inside Hugh's coat would not come out, although he tugged and pulled, and the wedding was over, and the people began to leave the church.

Nurse waited with the children at the gates.

"Now you can throw your flowers, Miss Mary," said nurse.

"Now for the band," whispered Hugh. "I've got it out at last."

The bride and the bridegroom, followed by ever so many people, came out of the church door.

"And you've forgotten the flowers, after all, Miss Mary," said nurse. "What a pity!"

"There is Duncan, just behind the lady in white. Now, Mary," said Hugh, "be ready. When I say 'Three,' begin."

The bride came smiling down the steps, and the people moved aside to let her pass, but Mary and Hugh stepped forward.

Then suddenly there was a loud "Toot-a-roo a-roo!" from Hugh's trumpet, and Mary knocked the gun on the stones, and cried, "Rub-a dub-dub a-dub!" Duncan saw them, and Duncan smiled, but neither Hugh nor Mary had time to see what any one else thought of the band, for before they quite knew where they were they found themselves being hurried down the road away from the church by nurse.

She would not listen to Hugh's story about the band at Cinderella's wedding and the band at Duncan's wedding—she only told them that they had been very naughty children to take their toys to the church.

"Nurse did not understand; we must explain it all to mother," said Hugh to Mary, as they sat on the nursery floor together, shut up in disgrace.

"But Duncan understood," said Mary; "and Duncan smiled at me, so I expect Duncan was pleased."

"I am glad Duncan understood," said Hugh.

And somebody else must have understood also. For in the evening, when the wedding was over, a plate of fruit and cake arrived, "With Duncan's love to Mary and Hugh," and one piece of wedding cake was specially labelled "For the Band."

THE CHINESE DOCTOR.

L'ILLUSTRATION Europeene, Brussels, publishes the following interesting passage on the subject of physicians in China from a letter of Rev. Father de Imet, missionary at Kan-Sou:

"Chinese physicians regulate the dose and the price of the drugs—which they always deliver themselves—not by the condition of the patient, but by that of his purse.

"Here, for example, is a poor devil, not having wherewithal even to satisfy his hunger, who has contracted a kind of typhus which in these parts is called Ichi. One of his family comes to ask the doctor to go to see the patient. The Chinese Hippocrates has only to see the mien and dress of this relative of the sick man to know that he is rich only in misery. Consequently he gives his answer without even rising from his chair. He is very tired; at least they might let him alone till he has smoked a pipe of opium. And then, too, these sick people are all alike; one must run at the first call, whether it is hot or cold weather. 'I am no stronger than the next man,' he adds; 'I know as well as anyone what it costs to recover lost health. You had better call on one of my professional brethren!'

"But the poor Chinese has the tenacity common to all feeble creatures. He renews his demand, implores, supplicates, answers all objections, and displays so much eloquence that the doctor finally consents to visit the invalid. The consultation is not long; it requires merely a glance.

"'And it is for that—for an ordinary Ichi,' says the healer, 'that you disturb a man of my condition, when to cure you 30 sapecks' (3 cents) worth of kiang-p'i would suffice! Here is the dose which will make you sweat every drop in your body; and in three days you will be all right. Never come back to bother me!'

"And the good man, with his 30 sapecks, returns grumbling. He has scarcely attacked a second pipe of opium when a carriage stops before his gate; a valet clothed in silk comes to demand his attention for a rich merchant also afflicted with Ichi. 'To every lord all honor!'—this proverb is known elsewhere than in Europe. In the twinkling of an eye, our Esculapius has thrown away his pipe and put on his velvet shoes and his long embroidered silk coat. He dons his hat of state, without forgetting to put in his pocket a package of kiang-p'i—the 3 cent package—and to place on his large red nose a pair of gigantic blue goggles.

"In this solemn garb the great man goes at full gallop to the palace of his patient. There, assuming an air of charitable compunction, he taps the patient, he auscultates him by the back, the chest, the stomach. Then, with the goggles raised on his forehead, his finger on his right cheek and his eye fixed on space, he reflects, he meditates, he sighs, during a full quarter of an hour.

"'I have it!' cries he, in an oracular tone; 'I have never seen so many complications united in an effort to bring the most robust man to his coffin; but happily the science that our ancestors have bequeathed to us is able to take care of the most desperate cases, and here is a heroic medicine worth ten times its weight in gold, which will certainly put you on your feet in a few days.'

"The good man exhibits his 3 cent package of kiang-p'i, for which he asks and receives 7 or 8 taels—about $8.

"His first care, on the morrow, is to be take himself again to his precious patient. The latter is naturally much better; how could he be otherwise after the absorption of a sudorific that the chosen ones of fortune are alone able to buy? That does not prevent the doctor from affirming that the left arm and, perhaps the right foot have not perspired sufficiently. But it is very easy to apply to the case another medicament not less efficacious than the former. He presents consequently a second package of kiang-p'i, but, that it may not be confused with the preceding package, he only asks $6 for it. On the third day, the patient is evidently out of danger, except that, by a peculiarity that would balk a less experienced practitioner, there is still too high a temperature in the head; a third dose of kiang-p'i, at $4. At the fourth visit an abnormal chilliness of the abdomen is observed; this time the dose costs only $3. This goes on for four or five months, and the rich man pays out $100 or so to be cured of his trouble, when the poor man got off with 3 cents.

"For my part, I think the conduct of the Chinese doctor is quite judicious. 'Without faith, no health'; and the patient has perfect confidence in his physician. Do not some great European doctors adopt the same method?"

HUMMING-BIRDS' COURTSHIP.—"When catching the ephemerids that play above the water, the tail of the humming-bird," says the author of The Naturalist in Nicaragua, "is not expanded; it is reserved for times of courtship. I have seen the female sitting quietly on a branch, and two males displaying their charms in front of her. One would shoot up like a rocket, then, suddenly expanding the snow-white tail like an inverted parachute, slowly descend in front of her, turning round gradually to show both back and front. The effect was heightened by the wings being invisible from the distance of a few yards, both from their great velocity of movement and from not having the metallic lustre of the rest of the body. The expanded white tail covered more than all the rest of the bird, and was evidently the grand feature in the performance. Whilst one was descending, the other would shoot up and come slowly down expanded. The entertainment would end in a fight between the two performers; but whether the most beautiful or the most pugnacious was the accepted suitor I know not."

LABOR.—It is a mistake to suppose that labor is an unpleasant condition of life. It is matter of experience that there is more contentment in attending to any kind of occupation than there is in looking for some occupation. Attend therefore to your business, and regard your business as being worthy of all your attention. Working men are apt to consider that their occupations alone are laborious, but in that matter they are mistaken. Labor of mind is generally even more fatiguing than labor of the body, and it is quite erroneous to suppose that others do not work as well as we do, simply because their work is different from ours. Labor is the earthly condition of man, and until the nature of man is changed, the want of something to do will produce all the horrors of ennui. Gambling and other reprehensible dissipations are all owing to the fact that human nature cannot support a state of idleness. To live without a purpose is to lead a restless life.

By using Hall's Hair Renewer, gray, faded, or discolored hair assumes the natural color of youth, and grows luxuriant and strong, pleasing everybody.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

In Hawaii Japanese laborers get $12 50 a month.

Three horses out of every four in Iceland are piebald.

The fashionable instrument of next year will be the concertina.

When Japanese oranges have the skin removed the sections fall apart naturally.

The Ferris wheel is being put up again in Chicago, and will be ready for business by August.

Some writing 4,280 years is on exhibition in Paris, and the ink looks as fresh as a newly written note.

A pauper in Leinster, Ireland, aged 105, who has been a Protestant all his life, has just become a Catholic.

Texas will have no timber in fifteen years, if the present rate of cutting 1,000,000,000 feet a year continues.

Eight hundred million pieces of mail matter are handled yearly by the Chicago Post office and its stations.

One of the most popular religious book in Japan is "Pilgrim's Progress," illustrated by Japanese artists.

The total cordage required for a first rate man-of-war weighs about eighty tons, and exceeds $15,000 in value.

A trolley line direct from Cairo to the Pyramids will replace the present means of transportation by donkey or camel.

Japanese workmen wear, both on their caps and on their backs, an inscription stating their business and the name of their employers.

The general testimony of European countries which have abolished capital punishment is that there has been no increase of crime.

Out of 28,000 students matriculated at German universities this semester, 2150 are foreigners. This is the largest number on record.

Official estimates place the value of farm animals—horses, cattle, mules and hogs and sheep—in the United States at no less than $1,819,446,366.

In 1884 the total production of aluminum was only 150 pounds. It is now 339,000 pounds a year. The price has decreased from $9 to 75 cents a pound.

Animals are often able to bear very protracted fasting. In the Italian earthquakes of 1795 a dog was buried, it is said, for 28 days and yet recovered.

Platinum has been drawn into smooth wire so fine that it could not be distinguished by the naked eye, even when stretched across a piece of white cardboard.

A London firm, which has manufactured eight of the eleven cables linking the United States to England, makes fifty-five miles of cable every twenty-four hours.

A beggar who died a few weeks ago in Auxerre, France, was found to have a million francs in bonds in a trunk, and in his cellar 400 bottles of wine of the vintage of 1790.

A plumb-line suspended a few feet from the side of a very large building inclines a little from the perpendicular because the weight is attracted by the mass of the edifice.

Five hundred thousand drachmas, or $100,000, have been given to the fund for the Olympic games by M. Averof, a Greek merchant of Alexandria. He wishes the money to be used to put the stadium, the running course, in order.

General Booth is planning to send such an industrial colony to Canada as will astonish the world. His scheme comprehends the transportation of 10,000 persons, and he is sanguine that these people will stay and prosper there.

Poor Trilby has now got down to the work of making the fortune of a Yankee toy manufacturing firm in a 10 cent puzzle, in which two figures are tied together with a string, the puzzle being "How to Release Trilby."

The proposal is now made by European philanthropists of establishing a naval Red Cross Society, whose vessels, painted in some distinctive color, shall accompany hostile fleets and pick up the crews of vessels sunk in action.

The practice of medicine in Japan has progressed wonderfully in the past few years. Th field hospital service during the recent war was admirable. Excellent local hospitals have been opened in most of the Japanese towns, many of them in connection with the Christian missions.

Dog farming is carried on extensively in China. There are thousands of large breeding establishments scattered over the northern districts of Manchuria and Mongolia, and no dog skins in the world can compare with those that come from these parts as regards either size, quality or length of hair.

At Venice recently thieves broke into the Church of the Frati, stole the golden chalice with the communion wafers and threw the wafers into the street. No one dared to touch them till the priests came out in procession and picked them up. The Patriarch has ordered expiatory services in all the churches of Venice.

A LITTLE EVERY DAY.

BY E. W. W.

Just a little every day,
That's the way
Seeds in darkness swell and grow,
Tiny blades put through the snow,
Never a flower of May
Leaps to blossom in a burst,
Slowly—slowly—at the first.
That's the way
Just a little every day.

ABOUT SHAVING.

The practice of shaving probably originated at first from its being found that the beard afforded too good a hold to an enemy in battle. This is the cause assigned for the origin of shaving among the Greeks, about the time of Alexander; and in most countries we find that the practice is first adopted by military men, and that men of pacific and learned pursuits retain their beards much later.

The ancient German natives shaved the beard, except that on the upper lip, and what is expressly stated of one tribe was probably true of the rest—that they allowed no young man to shave or cut his hair until he had killed an enemy in battle. The ancient Goths, Franks, Gauls and Britons also wore moustaches, the hair of which they suffered to grow to a very inconvenient length. The Saxons wore long beards, but at the introduction of Christianity, the laity began by degrees to imitate the clergy, who were shaven; they, however, still retained the hair on the upper lip. The Danes appear to have worn their beards. Sueno, the first Danish ch ef who invaded England, was surnamed "Fork beard."

The Normans shaved their beards entirely, and looked upon the appendage with so much distaste, as an indication of misery and distress, that they were the great apostles of shaving wherever they came. Accordingly, the endeavored to persuade or compel the English to shave the hair of their upper lips. The great majority yielded to the necessity of the case, but there were many who chose rather to leave the country than resign their whiskers.

However, beards again had their day. In the fourteenth century they became again fashionable, and continued until the beginning of the seventeenth. At the latter date their dimensions had become much contracted, and they were soon after relinquished, the moustaches only being retained, and at the beginning of the last century the practice of shaving the whole face had become universal.

Goldsmith tells us of a Spanish general who, when he borrowed a large sum of money from the Venetians, pawned his whiskers, which he afterwards took proper care to release. Kingston assured us that a considerable part of the religion of the Tartars consisted in the management of their whiskers, and that they waged a long and bloody war with the Persians, declaring them infidels merely because they would not give their whiskers the orthodox cut. The Kings of Persia used to carry the care of their beards to a ridiculous excess, when they chose to wear them matted with gold thread; and even the Kings of France, of the first race, had them knotted and buttoned with gold.

But of all nations the aboriginal Americans took the greatest pains in cutting their hair and plucking their beards. The under part of the beard and all but the whiskers they took care to pluck up by the roots, so that many supposed them to have had no hair naturally growing on that part, and even Linnæus fell into that error. Their hair was also cut into bands, and no small care employed in adjusting the whisker.

It is contented that the hair around the mouth tends to impair the utterance of song and speech. The sounds are broken or muffled as they are projected from the mouth. Most of the famous lawyers, ministers and parliamentary orators have been clean shaven. It is not known whether Demosthenes and Cicero wore beards, but we suppose Peter the Hermit, who preached the first crusade, and Walter the Penniless were bearded because they could not spare time to shave.

THE FOPPERY OF THE PAST.—In glancing back at the history of foppery, one is compelled to admit that the men of fashion of the present generation are a more manly set than their prototypes of half a century ago. In these days there are no Brummells who employ two glovers to clothe their dainty hands —one artist for the thumbs and another for the fingers and backs; no Alvanleys, Petershams and Mildmays, who make their blacking with champagne, or require three hairdressers to arrange their hair—one for the top knot, one for the side curls and one for the "back hair." Early in the present century such disgusting fopperies as these were affected by the English dandies, of whom the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., was the leader. Citizens of threescore can remember the time when the "Brummell tie" and the "Petersham coat" were "the rage" Nay, more—after the Prince Regent took to wearing stays to conceal his growing corpulency, and his parasites, fat and lean, followed his example, the strap-corset, known as the "Regent's belt," became for a while fashionable among dandies. But we do not think that even the most finical of our fine gentlemen could now be induced to put compressing bandages round their middles in order to make themselves wasp-waisted, or to have their gloves made to measure by two manufacturers, or to submit their heads to three hairdressers before going to a ball. Even the fashionable world moves.

A THRILLING SPECTACLE.—A Chicago man is going to get up a spectacle for the coming summer that will be peculiarly Chicagoesque. He expects to lease 100 acres of land in one of the suburbs and build a railroad track thereon. He will buy two engines at an estimated cost of $10,000 apiece. Then he will erect an immense grandstand on each side of the railroad which will accommodate 100,000 people. The engines will be steamed up to their full capacity and started toward each other. The spectacle when they collide, the Chicagoan calculates, will be so thrilling that thousands will want to witness it.

Grains of Gold.

No man can rise higher than his ideal.

Bright things are not always good things.

Every dollar the miser gets makes him poorer.

It hurts the soul to be guilty of ingratitude.

Bees find honey in weeds, and spiders poison in flowers.

Wherever there is sin it is sure to be followed by sorrow.

It is generally other people who profit by our bitter experiences.

Nothing can keep men from having a good time in this world but sin.

The devil will be sure to stay a while if he calls on you when you are idle.

It is better to deserve praise and not get it, than to get praise and not deserve it.

When it is looked for there is one thing always in sight—a cause for complaint.

Our mistakes will always tell us something for our good if we will but need the lesson.

Promises made in time of affliction require a better memory than people commonly possess.

The religion that is noisy in church is sometimes very quiet in places where it is needed just as much.

Let the memory of those oversights by which we have suffered instruct us, for though past moments cannot be recalled, past errors may be repeated.

Before an affliction is digested, consolation ever comes too soon; and after it is digested, it comes too late; there is but a mark between these two, as fine almost as a hair, for a comforter to take aim at.

Femininities.

There are two solid silver tea-tables at Windsor Castle.

Associations for female workers are gradually gaining in numbers and influence.

When a Calmuck has a marriageable daughter, he flies a flag from the top of his house.

In the whole of Europe it is calculated that over 600,000 women hold public appointments.

Why should girls not wear birds in their hats?—Because it makes them look flighty.

The new woman hasn't progressed so far that she can spade up her own flower garden yet.

The Queen of England has taken the Villa Fabbricoletti, situated near Fiesole, for a short term.

By a sumptuary law of King Henry VIII. the maximum price of a hat was fixed at twenty pence.

Agnes: "Well, I want a husband who is easily pleased." Maud: "Don't worry, dear; that's the kind you'll get!"

Sir Robert Hart, who created and controls the Chinese customs service, has now 3500 persons employed in his department.

Ethel: "I suppose one-half one hears in society isn't true, is it?" Mamma: "No; but the other half is so frightfully stupid, you know."

A woman with a long thumb will, according to Desbarolles, the authority on palmistry, always do her best to have her own way. So will almost any other woman.

Jollicus: "There's a woman who rather likes to hear men swear before her." Follicus: "Astonishing! How do you account for it?" Jollicus: "She's been made a notary public."

A number of girl students in the University of Michigan have decided to wear knickerbockers hereafter. They expect that all the girls in the University will soon follow their example.

Queen Margherita, of Italy, is a liberal patron of the Fine Arts. There is scarcely a studio in Rome which the Queen does not visit occasionally, and she never leaves without making some purchase or ordering her portrait to be painted.

Tight lacing, according to Professor Kuster, of Marburg, is a direct cause of movable kidney in women; 95 per cent. of the total number of cases occurring in women and only 7 per cent. in men. He thinks it is the pressure on the ribs that loosens the kidney.

Three sturdy Italian men and a woman walked by police headquarters in New York recently. The woman carried a large bundle of "pants" balanced on her head, and a sleeping baby in her arms. The men carried the burden of a heated discussion on some unknown subject.

An agreeable way of softening the electric light, without subtracting from its brilliancy, is to cover the glass with blue, pink or flame colored silk. The light shining through this seems to form the glowing heart of a delicately shaped flower, the petals of which are made of the same silk, and stand out around the centre.

Sprays and buttonholes are very much de rigueur at dinner and supper parties just now; they look very festive when fastened on to a large "bonbon" or cracker, and placed in front of each guest. The sprays are still worn rather large, on account of the size of the sleeves of ladies' dresses, in comparison with which the old fashioned small arrangement would look conspicuously ridiculous.

The late Professor Bishoff, of the University of St. Petersburg, left a sad memorial of his greatness. He had opposed the admission of female students into the university on the ground that a woman's brain, being much smaller than a man's, it was not fair to put her on equal footing with her superior. When Bishoff's brain was examined, it was found to weigh less than the average woman's.

That lions prefer tights to skirts is apparent from the tenor of an interesting interview with Carl Hagenbeck. He declares that during a period of forty three years he has only had one accident in his business. It was caused by one of his female performers entering the lion's den with a new dress on. The lion had always seen her with tights, and, not understanding what the dress was, bit it to satisfy his curiosity. Unfortunately he included in the mouthful a portion of the wearer, inflicting severe injuries upon his fair trainer.

Amateur photography is becoming quite a fashionable pastime for ladies in England. Perhaps this is because the Princess of Wales, Princess Louise and Princess Henry of Battenberg are all enthusiastic photographers. It is not a question of press the button and let others do the rest with them, either. They not only develop their own negatives, but make and mount the prints. Princess Louise has a fancy for photographing children; the Princess of Wales confines her attention principally to making photographic studies of her canine pets; while Princess Henry of Battenberg indulges in snap shots at things in general.

Masculinities.

An extravagant man loves to lecture his wife on the beauty of economy.

Burlington, N. J., farmers quenched a fire with water brought to the scene in milk cans.

The large t apes have only sixteen ounces of brain; the lowest type of men have thirty nine.

The Greeks have two pla es of worship in New York city, where the service is carried on in the Greek tongue.

Thoughtful Chicago burglars, before proceeding to rob a house, stole a milk wagon in which to haul away the plunder.

When a man is young, he thinks of reforming the world; but when he gets older, he is quite satisfied to be able to reform himself.

Richard Mansfield, who recently opened the Garrick Theatre, in New York, has retained three rising young dramatists to write exclusively for him.

Rev. Dr. Newton Sprague and Hon. Merritt Clark, neighbors in Poultney, Vt., are 93 years old. They both enjoy excellent health and are mentally bright.

In Berlin, Wis., fifteen women tried to vote at the recent municipal election, but were headed off by the Board of Elections, whom they now propose to sue.

William R. Moody, a son of the evangelist, who is in charge of a department in Mount Hermon School, has developed considerable aptitude as a public speaker.

The Messrs. Sarrasin, the two Swiss explorers who have been to Borneo for some years, have found a number of blands that have never before been visited by Europeans.

The late Henry Ward Beecher was a collector of gems, mainly uncut. A Brooklyn editor shares this hobby, and has a magnificent collection, accumulated at an expense far less than its value.

It is proposed to name a street in Paris after Alboni, the illustrious singer. Mme. Alboni lived in the French capital for nearly half a century. When she died she left the "adorable city," as she called it, $400,000

Clara: "I hear your father has forbidden Mrs. Higgins calling on you." Cora: "No, you are mistaken." "Did he not tell him last night never to darken his parlor again?" "He did, but that referred to his turning down the lamp."

Princess Wilhelmina von Montleart-Sachsen Kurland, who died in Vienna recently, was one of the wealthiest women in Austria. She gave a fortune to charity during her lifetime, but left a million or more to the Archduke Rainer.

The strike of the Paris omnibus drivers has elicited the curious fact that French judges and judicial officers are forbidden by the etiquette of their profession to ride in an omnibus. They must take a cab or walk, if they do not own a carriage.

The man who died recently after licking an envelope was poisoned by decaying animal matter from the glue getting into a sore in his mouth. No poisons are more deadly than those produced by the decay of animal matter. Persons who lick envelopes in sealing them do it at their own risk.

"Is your Vienna bread fresh?" asked Mrs. McBride, of the baker; but before he could reply, she added: "How stupid of me, to be sure! Of course it couldn't be very fresh, for it takes about ten days to come from Vienna. You may give me two loaves." The baker gave her the stalest he had.

English ladies in Rome trust their cooks to market for them, and the cooks take good care to leave a margin of profit for themselves. If English ladies tried marketing on their own account, they would fare no better, because the vendors would assuredly charge them more than their cooks.

Some thrifty Italian women of New York keep their families from starving by gathering the grain spilled from the feed bags of dray horses. A great deal of dirt and dust is swept up by these women, of course, but the amount of oats which they collect in this way is by no means inconsiderable.

Congressman Thomas B. Reed is said to favor the removal of the chairs from the House of Representatives and the substitution of benches, such as are used in the British Houses of Parliament. He thinks that this innovation would lessen the noise and confusion, and facilitate the transaction of business.

French papers recently received tell of the arrival of Captain Dreyfus, the French traitor, at the Isle de Diable, where he is to be imprisoned. He is under strict guard, and is only allowed to walk in a plot 600 feet square. Should he go beyond this the soldiers are ordered to use their arms. He is naturally extremely unhappy.

In London, recently, Mr. E. Matthews, aged 72, and Miss Mary Bright, aged 86, were married. It was explained that the happy bridegroom had been courting the bride for upward of twenty-five years, but that their marriage was delayed because they could not agree on the question what religious persuasion the children should be brought up in.

Latest Fashion Phases.

A singularly attractive gown and cape for a going-away costume is composed of snuff-colored tweed and consists of a plain, moderately flare skirt, a simple, perfectly-fitting tailor waist, double-breasted, with tie and collar, and a wonderful smart and original cape. The latter, which is cut in circular shape, has a wide sailor collar and revers of dark blue velvet turned sharply back and fastened with immense horn buttons. The entire cape is lined with ivory white satin, and white satin ribbons, forming a long looped bow at the neck, are so crossed in front as to keep the cape in place in windy weather. The little satchel is with the lady's initials. The soft felt hat is dark blue.

In order to have your stateroom baggage "multum in parvo," a most sensible idea is to have a plain coat and skirt costume, with two vests—one Tattersal and one of cloth material—one cut high in the neck and one low, to admit of a chemisette, with collar and tie. Provided with these and a pretty silk waist, you may have sufficient changes and be fashionably dressed.

Another attractive gown is represented a cool, attractive-looking suit, made of white colored duck. The skirt has an enormous flare, which in this material is very stylish. The full sleeves are braided from the wrist upwards to correspond with the collar and revers, which are also embroidered in gold. Over these are turned long, narrow band revers of black satin. The large lace hat is ornamented with ostrich plumes, white velvet flowers cover the crown, and a few are placed under the brim. A white chiffon parasol completes this charming toilette.

Many bicycle suits of "flax," in all shades, are being made for Newport. This fabric makes a very light and becoming costume.

Dark blue fancy crepon, marked with black mohair, is the material chosen for a plain, but very stylish toilette. The godet skirt is five yards wide at the edge, but is composed of only four flaring breadths. It is finished without adornment, but is lined throughout with blue silk and faced with velveteen.

The full bodice is of embroidered India silk, and is shaped out round at the neck, the straight collar band and slight yoke being of white satin. Bouffante puffed sleeves of the crepon terminate at the elbow, and the white satin belt is adorned at the left side by a bow, the loops of which rest upon the corsage.

The belt, collar band and yoke may be made separate, so that another color or black may be substituted a volonte. A very effective linen gown might be made from this model. The skirt would be cut with gored front and sides and straight back, and would have a deep hem. It might be void of adornment or be bordered by a band of linen insertion embroidered a jour, which may or may not be laid over a band of light blue silk. The bodice would be of linen batiste, embroidered a jour and made over light blue silk, the collar band, yoke and belt being also of light blue. The sleeves would be of linen to match the skirt. If the colored silk is omitted from beneath the border of the skirt the silk underbodice may be made separate and be substituted by other colors. The underbodice may be of linen in the same shade as the skirt, or of a contrasting color, and a large collet might be worn when desired.

A novel gown in light gray cloth is stylishly garnished with embroidered white linen. The flaring godet skirt has a wide box-plait down the centre of the front and is adorned at either side of the plait by an immense reverlike fold fastened at the top, a few inches below the waist line by a large button, and terminating at the edge of the skirt.

The bodice has a broad centre box-plait drooping slightly over the belt, and is further adorned by a quaint-looking collet of the embroidered linen. Over the box plait this collet forms a pointed yoke, but at each side of the plait it has long square ends falling almost to the waist. Immense gigot sleeves are finished without cuffs, and the plain collar band is of gray cloth, while the full belt is of white silk.

This model might be rendered in linen or colored pique and trimmed with white pique.

Another gown which is both simple and stylish, is one which will not admit of many variations. The perfect-hanging godet skirt is composed of eight flaring breadths, and is finished entirely without adornment.

The bodice is close-fitting, and is garnished at the back by a broad box-plait, tapering toward the waist line, while the front is open to reveal a full vest of beurre lace. Broad plaits of white satin, adorned by paste buttons, are substituted for revers, and the neck is finished by a white satin collar band. The puffed sleeves, with close-fitting lower manches, are slightly draped by satin choux, and the gown is completed by a plain belt of the material.

The fabric chosen in the present instance is lavender crepon, but silk or a slight woollen fabric would be equally apropos. A wash dress made in this style would be trimmed with linen or pique.

A plain but remarkably stylish gown in brown crepon has a wide flaring skirt, which owes all its beauty to a perfect cut and finish.

The blouse bodice has a close-fitting back with one broad box plait, while the front has three forward turning side plaits on each shoulder and a box-plait in the centre. Each of the side plaits is held in position as far as the yoke line by four small pearl buttons. The sleeves are immense gigots, and the narrow belt may be of bullion ribbon or of black or colored satin, as desired. The plain collar-band is of the crepon. This toilette is enhanced by small vandyked collar and collar and cuffs of creamy batiste. These may be edged with narrow Valenciennes lace or simply finished by a row of hemstitching.

This model is also suitable for wash fabrics, and may be made with puffed sleeves to the elbow.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Mahogany furniture should be washed with warm water and soap; an application of beeswax and sweet oil upon a soft cloth, and polished with chamois, gives a rich finish.

To clean oil paintings wash them with a sponge, and dry them by rubbing with a silk handkerchief. When the picture is very dirty, remove it from its frame, lay a wet towel on the face of the picture, sprinkling it from time to time with clear, soft water. Let it remain wet for two or three days. Then remove the towel and wash the picture well with a soft sponge. When quite dry rub it with clear nut or linseed oil.

To clean gilt frames, rub them with a little sal volatile mixed with cold water; or, after dusting the frames well, paint the gilding with a camel's hair brush dipped in the following mixture: One gill of water in which one ounce of common salt, one ounce of alum and two ounces of purified nitre have been dissolved.

To restore gilding to picture frames, etc.: Remove all dust with a soft brush, and wash the gilding in warm water, in which an onion has been boiled; dry quickly with soft rags.

For repairing mirrors accidentally scratched, clean the bare portion of the glass by rubbing it gently with fine cotton, taking care to remove any traces of dust and grease. If this cleaning is not done very carefully, defects will appear around the place repaired.

With the point of a knife cut upon the back of another looking glass a portion of the silvering of the required form, but a little larger. Upon it place a small drop of mercury—a drop the size of a pin's head will be sufficient for a surface equal to the size of a nail. The mercury spreads immediately, penetrates the malgam to where it was cut off with the knife, and the required piece may now be lifted and removed to the place to be repaired. This is the most difficult part of the operation. Then press lightly the renewed portions with cotton, and the glass presents the same appearance as when new.

Those who are not so fortunate as to have velvet-lined cases for their silver spoons and forks can protect them in this manner. Take a strip of the heaviest canton flannel, wide enough so that after laying the spoons and forks on it, the cloth can be folded over them. Then stitch a band of the material to the upper part of it and fasten, leaving spaces or loops through which to slip the silver. A very pretty case for silver in daily use is made as follows: Take a piece of ticking 30 inches wide and the length of your cupboard; the length to be taken lengthwise of the goods. Turn up one third for the pocket; stitch it at convenient intervals to the back, making pockets from two to three inches wide and ten inches deep. Bind with braid, and work the strips in any fancy stitch and colors to taste. This is to be tacked between two shelves on the back of the cupboard. For silver to be put away, make the case ten inches wider for a flap at the top, and with a pointed end flap with strings to tie around. For this the division pockets should be narrow, to hold only one spoon, knife or fork. The silver is thus prevented from being scratched, as when put away in a box.

Currant and Raisin Jam.—Take three pounds of sugar, one pound of raisins, three and one half pounds of currants, one orange and one pint of water. Cut the raisins in two and seed them, then cook them for one hour or more in the pint of water. Pick over the currants and put them on to cook in the preserving kettle. Add the orange juice, and cook for fifteen minutes after the fruit begins to boil. Remove the seeds from the orange, and after chopping the pulp and peel very fine rub through the sugar. When the currants have been boiling for fifteen minutes add the other ingredients to them and cook for fifteen minutes longer. Put into jelly glasses, and when cold cover. This quantity will fill twelve glasses.

French Potatoes.—Peel raw potatoes and cut in sections like thin quarters of an orange. Throw in very cold water. Dry in a towel and fry in boiling lard until gold color. Drain on brown paper, sprinkle with salt and serve with beefsteak.

Pork Cutlets Saute.—Cut cut six or eight good-sized cutlets from the neck, lay them in a buttered saute pan, season well with pepper and salt and place over the fire. When done (which will be in 25 to 30 minutes) lay them upon a hot plate. Pour off some of the fat from the saute pan, add a good tablespoonful of minced onion, and set it over the fire for a few minutes; then add a heaping teaspoonful of flour. Moisten with half a pint of broth or water with a piece of glaze added; add a little more salt and pepper, a bay leaf and a teaspoonful of vinegar, with one of mustard; mix well. Lay in the cutlets and when very hot place them upon a platter; pour the sauce over them and serve. This sauce is very good with any kind of cutlets, but especially pork.

Parsnip Wine.—Eight pounds of parsnips, six pounds of lump sugar, and two gallons of water. Boil till tender, strain, and when nearly cold add yeast on a piece of toast; let it work three or four days, then add one ounce of cream of tartar. After a few days add a little brandy, and bottle.

Rhubarb and Bread-and-Butter Pudding.—Prepare some rhubarb stalks as for a pie; cover the bottom of a buttered pudding-dish with slices of bread-and butter; cover with the rhubarb cut into short pieces; sprinkle abundantly with sugar; then deposit another layer of bread-and-butter, and so on until the dish is full. Cover and steam while baking for half an hour; then remove the lid, and bake for ten minutes, or until browned.

Beef Fillets with Vegetables.—Sprinkle the fillets on both sides with pepper and salt, and lay them out on a buttered tin with a small quantity of rich stock and a small piece of glaze, cover them with a buttered paper, and put the tin into the oven for twenty minutes. Serve round any dressed vegetables in season—e. g., carrots, broccolis, glazed turnips, etc., or a mixture, say, of carrots and turnips cut into the shape of small olives, parboiled, and then dressed with gravy or with white sauce.

Barley Pudding.—One ounce pearl barley, half pint milk, two ounces moist sugar, one egg. Wash the pearl barley, let it soak all night in cold water, put it in a saucepan, with the milk and sugar; simmer from one-half to three-quarters of an hour, till quite soft; beat the egg, add to it the barley, pour into a pie-dish and brown in the oven.

Barley Soup.—One sheep's head, or two pound shin of beef, two quarts of water, quarter of a pint of barley, three onions, a small bunch of parsley, pepper and salt. Put all the ingredients in a stewpan, and simmer gently for two or three hours; stirring frequently to prevent the meat from burning, but do not let it boil quickly; take the meat out, strain the soup, and if sheep's head is used, put some of the best pieces back into the pan. The tongue should be skinned and cut into slices, and the brains, which should be boiled in a piece of muslin, should be added to the soup.

To Bake a Ham with Spice and Wine.—Boil the ham to within three-quarters of an hour of dinner time. Take it out of the pot, skin it, trim it and put it in a dripping pan. Pour thickly over the top of a small bowlful of brown sugar, half a tumblerful of Madeira wine and two tablespoonfuls each of allspice and cloves. Put into the oven and bake half an hour, basting frequently with the essence that runs from it.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE IN THE FAR NORTH.—Since the Danish missionaries have gained the confidence of the natives of Greenland, marriages in the far North are celebrated by representatives of the Church. One of the missionaries gives the following account of the way courtship and marriages are brought about.

The man calls on the missionary and says, "I wish to take unto myself a wife."

"Whom?" asks the missionary.

The man gives her name.

"Have you spoken to her?"

As a rule, the answer is in the negative, and the missionary asks the reason.

"Because," comes the reply, "it is so difficult. You must speak to her."

The missionary then calls the young woman to him, and says, "I think it is time that you marry."

"But," she replies, "I do not wish to marry."

"That is a pity," adds the missionary, "as I have a husband for you."

"Who is he?" asks the maiden.

The missionary names the candidate for her love.

"But he is not worth anything. I will not have him."

"But," suggests the missionary, "he is a good fellow, and attends well to his house. He throws a good harpoon, and he loves you."

The Greenland beauty listens attentively, but again declares that she will not accept the man as her husband.

"Very well," goes on the missionary, "I do not wish to force you. I shall easily find another wife for so good a fellow."

The missionary then remains silent, as though he looked upon the incident as closed.

But in a few minutes she whispers, "But, if you wish it——"

"No," answers the pastor—"only if you wish it. I do not wish to over persuade you."

Another sigh follows, and the pastor expresses the regret that she cannot accept the man.

"Pastor," she then breaks out, "I fear he is not worthy."

"But did he not kill two whales last summer, while the other killed none? Will you not take him now?"

"Yes, yes—I will!"

"God bless you both!" answers the pastor, and joins the two in marriage.

IN A FIX.—German Lieutenant: "Sergeant, look here; Lieutenant K——'s effects are to be put up to auction to-morrow, and among the rest there is a nice writing desk I should like to have. Just go to the sale and bid for me."

Sergeant: "Yes, lieutenant."

A short distance further on the sergeant met the captain, who said: "I say, sergeant, I want you to go to Lieutenant K——'s sale to-morrow; there's handsome writing-desk I should like to have, if you will bid for me."

Sergeant: "Very good, captain."

The sergeant went to the sale. The desk was offered, and ten, twenty, and twenty-five thalers bidden for it. Then the sergeant exclaimed, "Twenty-six thalers for the lieutenant."

Auctioneer: "Twenty-six thalers; going—going; any other bid?"

Sergeant: "Twenty-eight thalers for the captain."

Auctioneer: "Twenty eight thalers; going—going; any other offers?"

Sergeant: "Thirty thalers for the lieutenant!" and so on till a pretty high figure had been reached.

At last the auctioneer could stand it no longer, and said: "Why, man, you are biding against yourself. What on earth is to come of it, I wonder?"

Sergeant: "Well, sir, I am puzzled to know myself what is to come of it! I don't know which to have it knocked down to, the captain or the lieutenant, for both of them want it!"

TOLD BY THE TAIL.—A scientific gentleman who has been investigating the mysteries of canine language has practically set up the theory that a dog speaks with his tail tip. In the case of all hunting dogs which pack together the tail is carried aloft, and is very free in movement.

There is no doubt that foxhounds habitually watch the tails of those in front of them when drawing a covert. If a faint drag is detected, suggestive of the presence of a fox, but not sufficient to be sworn to vocally, the tail of the finder is set in motion, and the warmer the scent the quicker does it wag.

Others, seeing the signal, instantly join the first, and there is an assemblage of waving tails before even the least whisper is heard. Should the drag not prove a successful one, the hounds separate again and the waving ceases; but if it grows stronger when followed up, the wagging becomes more emphatic, while one after another the hounds begin to whine and give tongue and stream off in Indian file along the line of scent.

When the pack is in full cry upon a scent, the tails cease to wave, but are carried aloft in full view.

Recent Book Issues.

"A Question of Color" is the initial volume of a neat series of short novels—"The Bijou"—beautifully printed, bound and illustrated. The story is by F. C. Philips, author of "As in a Looking Glass." Published by the F. A. Stokes Co., New York. For sale by Porter & Coates.

"The Phantom Death" and other stories, by W. Clark Russell, is a collection of short tales, characteristic of the vivid power and absorbing interest which distinguish this writer's work. They make very entertaining reading. Published in a prettily illustrated volume. The F. A. Stokes Co., New York. For sale by Porter & Coates.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

J. B. Walker contributes to "The Cosmopolitan" for May a paper of intense interest on "Great Railway Systems of the United States," splendidly illustrated by Thomas Moran. Another notably interesting paper profusely illustrated is descriptive of a visit to "Samarkand and Bokhara," by Frank Vincent. F. Hopkinson Smith writes about "Another Dog," with illustrations by J. H. Dolph. There are other interesting papers and several short stories, all illustrated, and poems by Edgar Fawcett and others. Published at New York.

SOMETHING ABOUT DREAMS.

THE dreamer is purely unmoral, says a writer in "Harper's;" good and bad are the same to his conscience; he has no more to do with right and wrong than the animals; he is reduced to the state of the merely natural man; and perhaps the primitive men were really like what we all are now in our dreams. Perhaps the most universal dream of all is that disgraceful dream of appearing in public places, and in society, with very little or nothing on. This dream spares neither age nor sex, I believe, and I dare say the innocency of worldly fancy is abused by it, and dotage pursued to the tomb. The most amusing thing about this dream is the sort of defensive process that goes on in the mind, in search of self-justification or explanation.

We rarely bring away from sleep the things that seem so brilliant to us in our dreams. Verse is especially apt to fade away, or turn into doggerel in the memory, and the witty sayings which we contrive to remember will hardly bear the test of daylight.

Some loose thinkers suppose that if we give the rein to imagination it will do great things, but it will really do little things, foolish and worthless things, as we witness in dreams, where it is quite unbridled. It must keep close to truth, it must be under the law if it would work strongly and surely. The man in his dreams is really lower than the lunatic in his deliriums. These have a logic of their own; but the dreamer has not even a crazy logic. In his wicked dreams the man is not only animal, he is devil, so wholly is he let into his evils, as the Swedenborgians say.

The wrong is indifferent to him until the fear of detection and punishment steals in upon him. Even then he is not sorry for his misdeed, as I have said before; he is only anxious to escape its consequences. It may be supposed that in sleep the dreamer lies passive, while his proper soul is away, and other spirits, celestial and infernal, have free access to his mind, and abuse it to their own ends, in the one case, and use it in his behalf in the other.

I dare say every reader of this paper has had dreams so amusing that he has wakened himself from them by laughing, and then not found them so very funny, or perhaps not been able to recall them at all. As we grow older, I think we are less and less able to remember our dreams. This is perhaps because the experience of youth is less dense, and the empty spaces of the young consciousness are more hospitable to these airy visitants. A few dreams of my later life stand out in strong relief, but for the most part they blend in an indistinguishable mass, and pass away with the actualities into a common oblivion.

I should say that they were more frequent with me than they used to be; it seems to me now that now I dream whole nights through, and much more about the business of my waking life than formerly. Of the race-dream, as I may call it, there is one hardly less common than that dreaming of going about insufficiently clad, which I have already mentioned, and that is the dream of suddenly falling from some height, and waking with a start.

If I come to speak of dreams concerning the dead, it must be with a tenderness and awe that all who have had them will share with me. Nothing is more remarkable in them than the fact that the dead, though they are dead, yet live, and are, to our commerce with them, quite like all other living persons. We may recognize, and they may recognize, that they are no longer in the body, but they are as verily living as we are.

This may be merely an effect from the doctrine of immortality which we all hold or have held, and yet I would fain believe that it may be something like proof of it. Perhaps in those dreams they and we are alike disembodied spirits, and the soul of the dreamer, which so often seems to abandon the body to the animal, is then the conscious entity, the thing which the dreamer feels to be himself, and is mingling with the souls of the departed on something like the terms which shall hereafter be constant. I think very few of those who have lost their beloved have failed to receive some sign or message from them in dreams, and often it is of deep and abiding consolation.

TITLES OF NOVELS.—"A Strange Story" is the result of the present fashion of selecting odd phrases and mottoes as the titles for novels. "Bellal," feeling somewhat "Alone in the World," bethought himself of taking a stroll. He passed "The House by the Churchyard" and, after trampling down the "Wheat and Tares," emerged "By the Sea." There, as it were, advancing "Against Wind and Tide," he spied "Beneath the Surface," "Breakers Ahead." This was "A Bad Beginning"—a kind of "Notice to Quit;" so he turned into "Bel-forest," and encountered "Some Famous Girls (both 'Black and White') who have since become Famous Women." He was introduced to "A Woman of Spirit by a Woman Without." He beheld "Eleanor's Victory" and "Christian's Mistake," and heard "Carry's Confession."—"Here be 'Shattered Idols' and 'Singed Moths,'" quoth he; "Grasp your Nettle," but "Look before you Leap," for "Who Breaks, Pays." Eleanor was "Put to the Test," Christian was "Paid in Full," and Carry was "Recommended to Mercy." It was just the "Darkest before Dawn," but Bellal perceived "The Woman in White" ("Moulded out of Faults") fighting with "The Man in Chains," and "How to Manage It" she did not know. "Once and Again" she seemed "Lost and Saved," but at last she inflicted "The Cruellest Wrong of All," and fled crying out "Quits!"—"A Life for a Life!" and he was "Left to the World," "Alone." —"It was to be," and "Things Are;" for, though "Wondrous Strange," they are "Too Strange not to be True."

WALL-PAPER AND CANDLE LIGHT.—Everyone knows that when the walls of a room are papered with a light paper it looks much more cheerful, but we hardly realize the great difference between dark and light papering. A scientist has now measured it in a systematic way, and has come to the following results: Suppose the room is covered with black cloth, and requires one hundred candles to give it a certain degree of light. If you take away the black cloth, and paper the room with dark brown paper, eighty-seven candles give the same amount of light. With blue paper, seventy-two candles will do; with fresh yellow paint, sixty candles give as much light; and with clean deal-board walls, fifty candles are sufficient. But if the room be painted in white, fifteen candles make it as light as eighty-seven candles with the dark brown surroundings. The conclusion is evident. Not only is it bad for the eyes to have a sudden contrast of dark and light, but it is also much more expensive to light twelve candles where two or three would be sufficient.

HOW RUSSIA COUNTS REVENUE.—The officials of Russia seem to have a queer way of making their financial calculations. It is pretty well known to the financiers of the world that the condition of things in that empire is none of the brightest, and has not been getting any better for a long time; and there was a good deal of surprise, when the Minister of Finance made his reports recently, to find that he claimed a surplus in the treasury over all ordinary expenditures of some 62,000,000 roubles. The experts set about finding where he got the figures, and at last discovered that he arrived at them by the very simple process of entering all borrowed money as clear income, instead of putting it down on the other side of the ledger as debt. As a matter of fact, it seems there is really a deficit of some 87,000,000 roubles.

THE effect on labor of the introduction of new machinery forms a chapter in the report of the Labor Commissioner of New York. According to his estimate the number of men employed as carpenters in New York has been decreased 15 per cent. by new machinery, the number of buttonhole makers 50 per cent., of shirtmakers 37 per cent., of bakers and confectioners 20 per cent., of furniture workers 35 per cent., printers 41 per cent., typefounders 50 per cent., silk ribbon weavers 40 per cent., wood carvers 62 per cent.

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"Going to lecture, sir," she said.
"And what is your subject, my pretty maid?"
"The extinction of man, sir," she said.
"Then who will marry you, my pretty maid?"
"Superior women don't marry," she said.

Stage fright—An ugly actress.

The question of the hour—What time is it?

A bad sign—To sign another man's name to a note.

In most every business the blotter plays an absorbing part.

It is a mistake to suppose you can cure the blues by painting the town red.

Hoax: "Hawley made a bad break at our boarding house this morning." Joax: "What was that?" Hoax: "A fried egg."

Billy the Goat: "That manuscript I just ate has given me an awful pain." Nanny: "Yes, dearest, that's called writers' cramp."

Teacher: "What happened when the man killed the goose that laid the golden eggs?" Dick Hicks: "His goose was cooked."

"It's a funny thing that what is the sailor's joy is the actor's sorrow," mused Haverly. "What is that?" asked Austen. "A light house."

"Slow times, these!" remarked an idle workman to a hungry tramp. "Slow times!" growled the latter. "I never knew so many fast days!"

Magistrate: "Is it true that you have been selling liquor without a license?" Prisoner: "Well, you wouldn't expect me to give it away, would you?"

"Johnny, do behave." "Pa said I needn't." "What?" "Yes, he did. He just sent me up here. He said, 'If you can't be have yourself, go upstairs,' so I came."

Practical father: "I told you to oil the casters of that table so they would not squeak, but you have not done it." Dutiful son: "I couldn't find the castor oil, dad."

"I'd like to be rich," said Tommy. "How rich?" asked his sister. "Oh," replied the youngster, after some thought, "rich enough to wear my Sunday clothes every day!"

Crabbed old maid, sarcastically: "I don't suppose there is another baby like that in the world." Young mother: "Oh, yes, there is! I left the other one of the twins at home with my mother."

"Have you anything to say before we eat you?" said the king of the Cannibal Isles to a Boston missionary. "I have," was the reply; "I want to talk to you a while on the advantages of a vegetable diet."

"I hope you will be lenient with me, your honor," said the thief, as he stood up to be sentenced. "I have a good many dependent on me for their support." "Children?" asked the judge. "No. Police detectives."

Dauber: I heard a fine compliment paid to my painting of "Mephistopheles" today.

Critique: What was that?

Dauber: A fellow looked at it for a while and said: "Well, that looks like the devil."

"The thirst for strong drink," argued the theologian, "is due to the original sin." The rationalist did not doubt it. "Strong drink," he rejoined, "is certainly good for snake bite." Having agreed thus far, however, they could agree no further.

Benevolent old gentleman, to the two boys he has just stopped fighting: "Dear me, how dreadful of you! Whatever is the matter?"

First ragged urchin: "He tore'd my clothes."

The other boy: "Where?"

First ragged urchin: "I don't know where, but I heard it rip."

A colored barber, in cutting a gentleman's hair, snipped off the tip of his ear. The customer leaped out of his chair with a wild shriek.

"Ow," he screamed—"you've cut off a piece of my ear!" "Shet Don't carry on so, boss!" said the barber. "'Tain't 'nough for to affect de hearin'."

"I'm glad of one thing, anyhow," said the boy, whose father had been talking about the income tax.

"What's that, Hiram?"

"I'm glad they didn't get up the income tax in time to give the man who wrote the algebra a chance to put in questions about it."

"I think," said the cheerful idiot, "that it will not be long before the fellow who was arrested for the murder of that man Saturday will be convicted."

"Do you think he is going to confess?" asked the landlady.

"Oh, no," said the cheerful idiot; "I base my idea on the fact that the confinement in prison may tell on him."

"Well, I did think you had more education than that," said Mr. Joobus, airily, to the grocer. "'Notice' doesn't spell 'notice.' It comes nearer spelling 'no tick' than anything else."

"Yes," said the grocer, "that is what it means."

Mr. Joobus concluded that he could get along that evening without any apricots.

DOMESTIC MISTAKES.—"Never be ashamed to apologize when you have done wrong in domestic affairs," says an eminent divine. "Let that be a law of your household. The best thing I ever heard of my grandfather, whom I never saw, was this: that once, having unrighteously rebuked one of his children, he himself—having lost his patience, and, perhaps having been misinformed of the child's doings—found out his mistake, and in the evening of the same day gathered all his family together and said, 'Now I have one explanation to make, and one thing to say. Thomas, this morning I rebuked you very unfairly; I am very sorry for it. I rebuked you in the presence of the whole family, and now I ask your forgiveness in their presence.' It must have taken some courage to do that. It was right, was it not? Never be ashamed to apologize for domestic inaccuracy."

THE Hon. Mrs. Strongmind (rising in her place and speaking in a deep, resonant, contralto voice)—"I wish now, Madame speaker, to move that we proceed to the consideration of the bill 'To Prohibit Men from Going Out Between Acts at Theatres.'"

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For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, a m.

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Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express, 8.00 a m, 2.00, (Saturdays only 5.00 p m), 4.00, 5.00, p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

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